SECTION 9 - JESUITICA

WOODSTOCK LETTERS

Vol. 71 - Year 1942

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THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS

A RECORD

OF CURRENT EVENTS AND HISTORICAL NOTES CONNECTED WITH THE COLLEGES AND MISSIONS OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS

VOL. LXXI

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE

1942

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THE
WOODSTOCK
LETTERS

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STEPHEN KASZAP (1916-1935)[1]

A Young Hero of Pain and of Divine Love

LADISLAS ENRODY, S.J.

Aszékesfehérvár, the ancient Alba-Regia of the Romans, and later the royal city where Stephen the first sainted King of Hungary established his residence, was the birthplace of Stephen Kaszap.

The nations were then plunged in the world war. The roar of cannon and the groans of the dying filled the world with a great and single sorrow. And yet, at the hour when Stephen Kaszap was born, a note of joy mingled with the great symphony of suffering; the church was singing her chants of joy, for it was the feast of the Annunciation, March 25, 1916. This double note of joy and sorrow was a kind of forecast of what was to be the life of this young child who was born at that moment.

He was the third child of his parents. Two brothers preceded him into the world, Adalbert and Joseph, and two sisters followed him, Rose and Gabrielle. His

[1] We are indebted to the *Nouvelle Revue d'Hongrie* for the privilege of presenting the story of Stephen Kaszap for the first time in English. This account does not wish to anticipate the judgment of the Holy See concerning the life and virtues of Stephen Kaszap. Any such judgment is accepted in advance with filial devotion.

father and mother had laid the foundations of a truly Christian home, and while they were never without their worries, Providence was always at their side. Union and peace reigned in the family. The father, a gentle and silent man, had a tender affection for his children, and the mother was unfailing in her care of them. Stephen was a very good-natured little boy. School proved to be an unwelcome adventure for him, and as he obstinately refused to go, he had to be forced to go.

From this period his character began to manifest itself: he was hot-headed but devoted; glad to do little favors and to be of service to all. His filial devotion soon became aware of the material cares of his parents, and at the age of eight he gave them practical advice. In order to help his parents he began to earn a little money by tending a child of one of the neighbors, and at the same time he showed an interest in the poor. A beggar once asked him for a shirt and without hesitating he gave him his own.

What were the child's thoughts about our Lord at this time? A slight remark tells us. His younger sister was playing one day with some holy pictures, and said to him: "Look Stephen, how pretty the little Jesus is!" But he replied, "No, Lola, the little Jesus is not pretty, He is beautiful!"

At the age of nine, after a fervent preparation, he made his first communion.

When he began school with the Cistercian Fathers, he already understood that he had to labor at his spiritual formation and soften his violent temper.

At fifteen he was received into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, and pledged himself, under the direction of the Prefect of the Sodality, to a determined struggle against his faults. "I have overcome my greed . . . I have not given offense," are some of the entries in his journal. He was a model of purity, and when unbecoming jokes and ribald remarks were made in his presence, he protested vigorously. Stephen made frequent visits to the Blessed Sacrament, and, what is

surprising at his age, he even made acts of self-surrender to the will of God.

He wished to become a priest, but he had first to encounter great interior trials, to study faithfully, and to prepare his soul for the divine vocation of serving the Divine Heart of Jesus in suffering and for love.

At school he was at first only an average student, but as he grew older he worked so energetically and so faithfully that he became a brilliant student, the leader of his class. But this intense application was not the result of any boyish ambition. Rather, in his private journal he notes with all sincerity: "My work is directed by the word of God; the faithful accomplishment of my duty."

He was not at all backward in athletics, and soon carried off all the prizes. At seventeen he won the championship of all western Hungary. And yet, although he was the outstanding student of his class, his tact and inborn delicacy prevented him from ever playing the bully towards his companions.

His character soon took a heroic turn. He hid his merits, his successes in sports, and he astonished his companions by becoming day by day more modest and retiring in spite of his great energy. His sincerity and frankness lent him a special charm. He was said to be "perfectly open and as pure as crystal."

The years rolled by, and the hour of great and final decision drew near. Towards what future would this young life be directed? A page of his note-book informs us:

> In his most beautiful poem Michael Vorosmarty* puts a question to his fiancée, Laura: "What will make a man happy?" With deep wisdom he points out to his fiancée that neither gold nor silver, nor honor, nor pleasure can give true happiness to the human heart.
>
> It is odd that the greater part of men are attached to gold, to money. They think that Mammon is power; weak minds render it homage; they abase themselves before it and are capable of any wickedness to possess it. They suppose that rich men are happy. Far from it. They have

*A well known Hungarian poet of the nineteenth century.

all, and yet, one of the richest, an American millionaire, confesses that he has not had a single happy day in his life. Gold, then, does not make men happy.

But perhaps glory can?

Glory! A marvellous good which inflames even more men than does money. The dreams and desires of youth are directed towards it. Men are jealous of their reputations and are ready to sacrifice their eternal interests for them. The glory which extends beyond their frontiers fills the hearts of short-sighted men with a proud joy, but it does not give happiness. He who thinks of his eternal end knows well that neither gold nor glory can make him happy.

Perhaps, pleasure can?

What is pleasure? The gratification of the senses. The banquet of Lucullus, the unbounded delights of epicurean dishes (while millions of poor are starving), drunkenness even to the loss of consciousness. The pleasures which degrade man and make him like to the animals, can they make him happy? Can they make happy a being created for a much higher end, a being whose soul is the image of God? No! Impossible! Satan blinds men who wallow in them because they do not know that there is an interior joy.

Interior joy is a tender and delicate flower which withers in hearts that are maddened by money, poisoned by honors, and hardened by pleasure. It blooms in all its beauty in noble souls that know but a single end, the loftiest, the holiest, "Eternal God."

Stephen's religious vocation dates from his infancy. However, when the time came for making up his mind he was assailed by doubts, he felt himself incapable, unworthy of so sublime a vocation. He was even tempted to give it up. Prayer was his only consolation in these painful moments of incertitude, of darkness and tormenting doubts. But a retreat providentially gave him the certainty of being called to the Society of Jesus. He tells us how he received the decisive light from the Holy Ghost.

I thought of several orders and finally decided on one of them. I had already written to ask admission, when the Exercises of St. Ignatius changed my decision . . . I will tell you how my vocation was finally decided. For a long time I had wanted to read Prohászka's books. I choose one of the volumes for the time of retreat. The book I took was "Ways and Stations," not wishing to begin with the more

difficult works. I read with great pleasure the lines of our "Père Otto," from which there emanates an inexpressible and harmonious beauty which I had never before discovered in any of my reading. In the middle of the chapter "In the Germanico-Hungaricum," the idea came to me that the Jesuit life would suit me perfectly. And the thought soon became a decision. It was for me that our Bishop had written that description of Jesuit life. Poverty and simplicity were perfect, the training solid: I would enroll among the fighting sons and brave forces of St. Ignatius. I would consecrate my life entirely to the education of youth. I would continue the fight even to my last breath: my Motto, *"Dum spiro certo!"*

All his doubts vanished. It was a decision that never had to be made over. Having recognized God's will in this vocation to the Society, he remained faithful to death, even in the midst of the greatest trials.

He entered the Novitiate July 30th, vigil of the feast of St. Ignatius. His journal reflects his first impressions and desires:

My God, how happy I am that You have brought me to this excellent Society. I behold the zeal and the joy of my brother-novices. My God, give me the energy to become like them.

Further on we read:

The religious life is the greatest treasure on earth. We have surrendered all, given all, we must now give ourselves.

The young novice fulfilled his duties with the greatest punctuality. His examen of conscience shows his fidelity in little things:

Sign of the cross: is it trustful? Genuflection: is it adoration? The use of holy-water: is it a desire of purification? This should not be an action that is merely exterior.

He also submitted his purity of heart to an examen:

Purity: 1. No sin: 2. Detachment from creatures (during the reading in the refectory I must be attentive): 3. Union with God (I must concentrate, uproot distractions): 4. Combat imperfections.

He finds fault with the slightest imperfections:

Sanctity does not consist in being without fault, but in not giving myself up to my weakness. Do I yield? If I fall a hundred times, I will rise a hundred times, and I will continue the fight with a brave heart: there must be expiation.

But at the same time he felt in his heart the tenderest devotion:

> Oh but I love my Heavenly Mother! I love my mother and I long to see her—but there, in the Blessed Virgin, I have found a much better mother. I must love her and have complete confidence in her.

His fortitude and his constancy in the struggle for perfection are astonishing. And what depth of soul was his! Stephen gathered all the strength of his soul to run with indomitable enthusiasm towards the goal!

> True charity of action ought to be acquired in the sweat of our brow and with the strain of muscle. True charity is most important, for it is eternal. I will meditate much on this.

Elsewhere he said again:

> Mediocrity does not lead us to the goal, or to sancity, or to interior renunciation.

And

> All my life is a great and continual "Yes" to the will of God.

Stephen was very much interested in theological questions, and his favorite reading was in Holy Scripture. He read it in Hungarian, Latin, German, and French, and learned many long passages by heart.

His life was a continual struggle, for he had to win religious happiness by heroic efforts: "Jesus is very jealous, all or nothing," he said.

About the middle of October he began the long retreat. His notes reveal the working of grace and the deep impression the Exercises made on the soul of the young novice. A letter to his parents bears witness to his great satisfaction:

> My dear Father and Mother:
>
> It is ended. Our great war maneuvres are over. For a week now we have been breathing more freely. Really, it was not easy to be silent for so long—although days of rest and walks were interposed—and to listen in the great silence to the voice of God. They say that one who can make the Exercises of Saint Ignatius right to the end will be able to remain a Jesuit right to the end of his life. I hope for this from the grace of God. Indeed, I have learned much, I have reaped much fruit, and have received a great impetus from

the Exercises. People in the world hardly realize the great worth of the Exercises. It is during this time that one gets down to the real meaning of the Redemption, the malice of sin, the sublime end of creation, and the infinite love of God towards the human race. One becomes more conscious of one's vocation, and determines seriously on complete detachment from every joy, from every earthly pleasure, from comfort, and to offer all one's liberty to God by renouncing one's understanding, one's self-will, one's memory in thanksgiving to the Infinite Goodness and as an expiation of the sins of the human race. . .

Stephen, as he disclosed later at the hospital, had the burning heart of an apostle, but did he already know that God had chosen him for the apostolate of suffering? He had some presentiment of it. He had a picture of the Mother of Sorrows on his table, and among his notes are the following lines:

I must think very much of suffering, meditate on it so that I will understand it and make it my own, and accept it joyously and bear it. . .

The young novice loved mortification, and looked upon it as an efficacious means of sanctification and sought with fervor occasions to practice it. The following passage from his notes gives proof of this.

To enrich my soul by always seeking abnegation. The kernel of wheat must die in order to bring forth fruit (John 12, 24). I also must be consumed like Christ, die to the world . . . wear myself out by abnegation, so that the Master of the harvest can gather abundant fruit.

Another note betrays his spiritual struggles before he resolved to enter on this way of abnegation.

I will never amount to anything without abnegation. I must mortify myself as much as possible. First, interior mortification; that always; then, exterior mortification; that, according to time and place. The way in which to follow Christ is abnegation. *He who wishes to follow me must deny himself, take up his cross and follow me* (Luke, 9, 31). Be perfect! Christ commands it. How? Through my daily work. But I cannot! Illusion! Christ and I; He and I, and we two, with the Blessed Virgin, can do all things, we can bear all things.

Religious poverty furnished him with excellent occasions for practicing this abnegation. He loved it

and he longed for it. "What a grace," he cried, "that I am not rich!" One of his brothers remarked, "He did not throw away even the smallest piece of paper, but he made some note on each one and kept it. He was careful about everything." When Father Rector sent him a few *pengös* to the hospital for small necessary expenses, he preferred not to receive them, and they were given to the sister in charge.

Stephen Kaszap longed for true humility. He expected humiliations and acknowledged their justice in advance.

> I will conquer my self-love more easily if I despise and disdain myself. True ambition; humility, self-contempt, to be the servant of all, the last in all that concerns honor.

He prepared himself to accept humiliations and took this heroic resolution:

> If my brother offends me, I will scold myself for my baseness, my clumsiness, my meanness, which were the cause for the offence, and which deserve much more than offences.

His humility avoided all display. A note runs: "My sincere desire is to remain unnoticed." His brethren write us: "He passed unnoticed, and in all his movements he avoided whatever could call attention to himself; he went in and out noiselessly." One of the fathers said of him: "A certain reserve and discretion marked his exterior bearing. He was lost in a crowd, and the depths of his spiritual life were observable only to small groups. His was an extraordinary soul that lived within itself."

His humility begot mildness. He was naturally inclined to anger, and this meekness was the fruit of many struggles. His journal betrays his conflicts:

> Meekness must govern not merely my words, but my thoughts and my actions as well; in a word, my whole being. Meekness assures us of a great influence over men.

This condition of soul made religious obedience easy; he even rejoiced in it. Before his death, when God was asking a great sacrifice of him, he notes in his journal, and it is the last word to be found there: "How happy is he who has given to God the perfect holocaust of obedience!"

But from the beginning of his religious life he had to battle on ground where the greater part of men have no difficulty to overcome. "Stephen," said one of his fellow novices, "was one of those who speak more by their presence than by their words." He loved silence. His brothers remarked that it would be better if he spoke more. He answered sincerely: "I should like to converse, but I am quite unable to. Even at home I was like this, and I often spent hours walking alone in the woods." For him recreation was something of a trial, and he had to struggle seriously against this inability to talk. He prepared for the great struggle by a triduum of prayer. At the same time he put his resolve into practice. In his particular examen he proposes: "Gaiety, liveliness at recreation." Elsewhere we read: "I must force myself to talk." And before long he carries off the finest of victories. No one ever suspected what it had cost him to make himself companionable. His fellow novices bore witness to the fact that he was the most agreeable of companions. One of his brothers said of him: "When I became better acquainted with the brother in the infirmary, I remarked the charm of his conversation." And another adds: "I don't recall, however, that he ever spoke of trifles. This obliging talk was never superfluous." A third remarked: "He knew how to speak simply and naturally of spiritual things."

Stephen Kaszap made no secret of his attachment to the Society of Jesus as the religious order to which our Lord had led him. While a patient in the hospital he showed his interest in everything that concerned the Novitiate, his Manresa. Of the novices who came to visit he enquired about the little details of novitiate life so that he could remain united with them in thought. In answer to a question of one of his relatives at the hospital, he cried, "Indeed I wish to return to Manresa. Why, the Novitiate is my heaven on earth!"

Charity reigns supreme in this heaven of the religious life. Stephen Kaszap begged earnestly for this virtue and struggled to obtain it. His practice of

charity, however, was not showy, and he tried to escape being a burden by offering little services. He preferred a hidden charity, little attentions which escape notice and remain without reward on earth, but which add to one's virtue and make the religious life so pleasant.

> I cannot be satisfied until I love each one sincerely; and to this end I will say and think only good of others . . . I will shrink from no sacrifice for my brothers, and these sacrifices ought to be constant and not the results of a passing mood. Christ has given His life for His friends.

His practice of charity went further, and during his illness he resolved to reflect several times a day on the virtues of his brothers, and he discovered so much goodness, so much virtue, such aspirations after sanctity in them, that he compares them to the saints, and mentally gives them saints' names.

God rests His gaze with pleasure on this young soldier and grants him the victory. His companions could recall no serious fault, he is the "model novice". He himself notes modestly in his journal: "God loves me even with my faults because of my sincere efforts."

Thus Stephen Kaszap mounted step by step along the paths of the mountain of God. And as God stretched forth His hand to the saints in heaven, He stretched it forth also to this young novice struggling so heroically. This hand extended to us is prayer. Stephen was interiorly convinced of it, but he had his difficulties. Once he confessed to a fellow novice that he did not know how to meditate, and added: "My dear brother, meditate aloud for me, I should like to learn how." He was not discouraged, but labored bravely to make his meditation succeed. One of his companions wrote: "During the meditation I was kneeling behind Brother Kaszap, when I saw that he had a glass of water on his table, and that from time to time he moistened his forehead and eyes. It seemed that he was oppressed with fatigue and that he took this means of getting rid of it."

When he enjoyed an abundance of consolations, he said: "Many consolations make us presumptuous." He

added: "Do I have consolations? Yes. I must, then, arm myself against presumption, and think of the 'moistened' meditations."

Stephen had formed the habit of observing all the movements of his soul, and was acquainted with all desolate hours of spiritual dryness, of abandonment, darkness, and confusion. He resisted these dangers:

> In desolation I will ask for the Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost. When I feel keenly my abandonment I am nearer to Christ. Why should I fear? I will laugh at the danger and I will not be disturbed. Our Lord is praying on the mountain while the waves of the tempest toss me in the darkness.

Finally he accepted with manly fortitude this trial of desolation.

> Sturdy and unshakable hope in desolation. No matter what happens, no matter what the suffering, I recognize that God is just and holy!

The struggle was crowned with success, and six months later he said:

> I have learned to pray well.

And then:

> I love to think of God.

It was suffering that taught Stephen how to pray. In suffering he drew near the enrapturing realities of the invisible, supernatural world and this *milieu* inflamed his soul, as well in sadness as in joy, in consolation and in desolation. On one of his meditation sheets he has noted:

> Mysterium iniquitatis, the mystery of evil, it shall not triumph. . .

and he adds:

> Virtue is the crystallization of truth in us.

His prayer now became deeper, distractions fewer, his soul lovingly embraced the subject of the meditation. It was no more his usual prayer, which had been succeeded by the silence of loving attention. He noticed the change, and was afraid at first. But in the depth of his soul he felt that his fears were groundless. These few words describe his experience:

> I will not seek after the extraordinary ways in meditation. I will advance over the common and sure way. As so many

> others have followed it, it will be good for me too. If God so wishes He will lead me to a more perfect form of meditation; but I will not look for it. What is important is the good resolution and the keeping of it.

Stephen Kaszap did not know much of the sublimer forms of prayer, and he was not even able to give a name to his prayer. But he accepted quietly the gift of God, and declared: "It appears to me that contemplation is better for me." His morning meditation was not enough for him. He spent his free-time in the chapel, and he found everywhere, within and without, the great silence of the divine heights.

Stephen knew, however, how to hide his interior life. One of his brothers writes: "What I found agreeable in him was his hidden suffering and love. In him three things were always together; interior silence, love, and suffering." This interior life gave birth in him to the desire for martyrdom. Three times a day he asked for it, at the ringing of the angelus, and at night, in taking leave of Jesus, he asked again to be a martyr and a perfect victim of the Heart of Jesus.

Arriving at this height of love, he found his horizon broadening.

It is surprising to note, on reading the intentions which he had for some time noted down day by day, how universal was his charity. Of course, he never forgot the more limited circle of his parents, directors, teachers, doctors, and friends, but his prayers were given by peference to the great world-wide intentions of the Church. Very devoted to the Sovereign Pontiff, he always placed the "Holy Father and his intentions" first in his heart. In his note-book we frequently find "the cardinals, bishops, secular and religious priests, missionaries, the whole Church." Faithful son of the Society of Jesus, he often placed it under various titles at the very head of his special intentions. First of all, he had a son's veneration and a son's prayers for the Very Reverend Father Wlodimir Lédochowski, Superior General of the Order, "Reverend Father General"; then came all the superiors, the fathers and

brothers of the Hungarian Province, and other provinces, Jesuit missions, the enemies of the Society . . . he remembered all. His young patriotic heart prayed also for his "country, the government, his fellow-countrymen, soldiers, university students, teachers and professors, the press, that Hungary be the *Regnum Marianum.*" With a sympathetic heart he kept fresh in his memory "the poor, the sick, the disabled, wanderers, atheists, communists, schismatics, the hopeless, Russia, Spain, the Protestant countries, Mexico, China . . ." As a matter of fact, wherever the Church prays, labors, and suffers, the young Stephen, this valiant soldier of Christ, wished to be present through his prayers, his fatigues, his sufferings.

Already he beheld everything in God and loved everything in Him. He wished to be conformed to the will of God as his sole good and happiness. "I will always seek the will of God, and in all circumstances I will show the same pleasant and thankful countenance," he proposes. And so, the heavenly beauty and sweetness which his face and expression reflected were always to be seen, and especially in his terrible sickness.

This love which went straight to God with gratitude in all his ills betrayed itself exteriorly and gave an attractive beauty and charm to his countenance. One of his brethren who had known him as a student says of him: "I have observed him more than once with a great deal of pleasure; his features breathing of a heavenly calm and peace of soul, a deep joy, and a holy happiness."

The Blessed Sacrament, the Tabernacle, were for Stephen the most pleasant refuge. "Some one is praying for me, in my place and with me: He loves me, He awaits me in the tabernacle," he wrote. The thought of Jesus living amongst us accompanied him through all

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*The title which dates from the offering made by St. Stephen the first king of the country to the Blessed Virgin, an offering made under tragic circumstances.

the day; he would like to direct every thought towards Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament:

> O Heavenly Bread come down from heaven! Frequently I am so tepid, so indifferent towards You! Why is this? It is because I do not think often enough of You, calling upon You with ardent desire, or desire You with fervor. I do not meditate enough on the infinite goodness of God, Who has given us the sacred body of His Divine Son as our food, us, worms of the earth, so that we may have everlasting life.
>
> O how sublime (he writes in another place) is the Eucharist! It is from It that all our strength, ardor, devotion, love of martyrdom come! I will love It, adore It, study It, so that It will be for me all that It was for the saints.

During his illness, when temptations against his vocation came as an accompaniment to his physical pains, he found strength in the thought:

> In my temptations and desolation, I will think that Jesus is praying for me and with me in the tabernacle.

Meditating on the words of Saint Margaret Mary Alocoque, his love burst into flame, and he offers himself as a victim of reparation:

> I offer my whole life to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in expiation of so many sins—my own and those of all men.

Jesus accepted his offering.

A new epoch in the life of Stephen opens here, that of sufferings ever growing in sharpness, and of love ever growing in intensity.

Although to all appearance he was an athletic youth, and of perfectly sound health, the disease which ended his life so prematurely, had for a long time been slowly undermining his health. His robust constitution offered resistance to the hidden disease. The day following his entrance to the novitiate, he became hoarse and lost the use of his voice completely, and remained thus for several weeks, medical attention not being able to bring about any improvement in his condition. Finally, however, after prolonged treatment, he recovered his voice, which was full and beautiful. He bore this first cross with great patience and meekness. But from that time he prepared himself for suffering: "We think beforehand of what we love; that is to say, the cross;

then suffering shall not come as a surprise. Jesus foretold His own." Later he wrote: "I love to meditate on the passion and death of Jesus, and I think beforehand of my own sufferings and desolation."

Before long his tonsils needed attention. By Christmas his ankles were swollen with pains in the joints, so that he could hardly walk. Meanwhile ulcers developed on his fingers, his face, and the back of his neck. They were hardly healed when they reappeared. Finally, an attack of angina sent him to bed. "I must bear cheerfully and joyfully the cross which God sends me," say his notes. Meanwhile he lost none of his spirit, and hoped for a speedy cure. He thinks of the spiritual benefit of sickness, and writes after a meditation: "A little illness is more salutary than ten to twenty years of good health."

After his throat trouble, fever again appeared. The doctor said that he had pleurisy. At that time Stephen would bleed from the nose three or four times a day. One of these nose-bleeds was so serious that a specialist had to be called during the night to perform a slight, but painful, operation. He bore it all without complaining, his features remaining calm in spite of his high fever.

A novice was assigned as companion and to be of help to the infirmarian in attending to Stephen. He writes: "What I admired most was his unfailing calmness, cheerfulness, and peace. Physically he was very sick, but his soul was all the braver. He was never down, but I have seen him smile all the more. I never heard a word of complaint from his lips. He tried not to be a burden. When he was helped, he received the help with thanks, but he had no desires." One of his religious brothers observed: "He never speaks of his sickness or his suffering." In fact, after a sleepless night, he wrote in his note-book: "I will bear suffering with joy for Christ, and I will never avoid pain."

After a slight improvement his fever rose again. This time an ugly ulcer appeared on his leg, and the surgeon was called to operate. He was very anxious,

as the patient's life was in danger. Stephen Kaszap bore the painful incision without a word. He clutched the iron of the bed, but uttered no complaint. When Father Rector asked him how he could bear the torment so silently, he answered: "I thought of our Lord suffering so much more on the cross," and in a low voice, he added: "I find it hard to suffer."

The poison in his blood spread through his whole system. On the next day, after Holy Mass, the last sacraments had to be administered. He was then transferred to the hospital, and took leave of the brother novice who had helped him, with a smile. "That smile," he writes us, "touched me deeply. I thought that it was like that a Jesuit goes to meet death."

In this danger Stephen prayed fervently. His prayer was heard on the 19th of March, the feast of Saint Joseph. On that day he prayed with more than his usual fervor, and after Holy Communion a marked change took place in his soul. He then underwent an operation which brought him close to death's door. After the operation Father Rector came to pay Kaszap a visit. The patient whispered to him:

"Holy Communion has helped me a great deal today. It was that that made me so peaceful during the operation. I have great confidence in Saint Joseph." And he added: "How small a thing is our suffering and what great need the Church has of it! These thoughts eased my pain . . ." After a moment's reflexion, he observed: "How clearly we see in sickness!"

The operation was very dangerous, six great incisions having been made. His system, poisoned by the infection, offered so little resistance that the doctors gave him little hope. When the spiritual father, thinking that he was going to die, asked him if there was anything that worried him, he answered with this beautiful avowal:

"My youth has been pure; in early boyhood I was restless . . . The only thing I regret is not having begun daily communion earlier." Then a little pensively he added: "It's strange that amongst the children of God

there are so many prodigals and so few innocents." After a moment's reflexion, he again said: "Outside of my suffering there is little I can give to God."

All the following days Stephen, after the example of St. Elizabeth of Hungary for whom he had a special devotion, thanked God by reciting the *Te Deum* for the special grace of suffering.

From then on peace resigned in his soul. In his notes he says: "From a natural point of view I love health; but supernaturally I love God."

The dressing of his wounds was very painful, and the nurses and doctors admired his heroic patience. At the same time he became the apostle of the hospital. In the midst of his own sufferings he did not forget his companions, and when he had a moment of relief he had a kind word for each of them, waited on them, and encouraged them. And so, for many of the patients, his presence was the occasion of many graces from heaven. Everybody liked him. Although reserved and retiring, he exercised, nevertheless, a real authority; they listened to his advice, the patients prayed, read Catholic pamphlets, went to Mass, and at Easter the ward was like a church, ten out of eleven going to Holy Communion. And the eleventh, a Jew, admitted with tears in his eyes, that he would not have believed that there was so much faith, charity, and union of hearts among Catholics.

Stephen Kaszap knew that his sufferings were real blessings; he called them "my treasures." He wanted to dispose of them in favor of souls. But he could not determine on whom to bestow them, sinners or the souls in purgatory. After much thought, he decided in favor of sinners:

> The souls in purgatory will see God as soon as they have made expiation for their sin, while sinners are continually threatened with eternal loss.

His condition grew worse. The wounds would not heal, and his whole body was covered with ulcers. Seeing him, one thought of Job. Mouth, lips, hands, arms, throat, knees, legs, ears, forehead were covered

with wounds. Incisions were made to draw off the pus; his wounds were dressed, some ulcers closed, others reopened. His very blood produced purulence and unsightly ulcerations, and all the time he was racked by a high fever. In such a condition it was marvellous to see how meek and patient he was, always united with God.

Holy Week approached and the sufferings of Stephen Kaszap increased. He drew his strength from Holy Communion and his novice crucifix. Later he set down his experience:

> After Holy Communion, the crucifix will be for me an inexhaustible source of strength. I will study it as the most precious book in the world; for the true Christian life is the way of the cross and martyrdom.

During Holy Week the meditations on the Passion enkindled his love, and he wrote to one of his close friends:

> My desire to share at Passiontide with all my strength in the sufferings of the Crucified has been heard in the most wonderful way, for just in the last days of Holy Week I suffered the greatest pain, little as it was.

But God kept in store for him a season of repose before death. Thanks to the prayers and unremitting novenas of his brethren, after considerable improvement he was able to return to his Manresa. It was then that his recollection and union with God struck everybody: his life beamed with a supernatural modesty, kindliness, and charity. Stephen knew, however, that he had not reached the end, and that he had still to struggle for the immortal crown which God reserves for the perfect. He had to fight against temptations to pride, vanity, and against aridity. "I will examine myself before and after each action. I must struggle against self-love, self-will, selfishness," he says in one of his notes. To his sick mother he wrote: "The greatest treasure in life is suffering borne in silence and without complaint."

But now a period of moral suffering was beginning for him. "Physical pain cannot be compared to it," he admitted. And in his journal he says:

I take with both hands the chalice of suffering which divine love gives me. I have a more and more ardent thirst for it. Oh that I would be more and more despised, more and more outraged, if only to please Your Most Holy Heart! Grant me a life full of insults, blows, spittings, crowned with martyrdom, and the grace to bear all this joyfully. . .

The improvement in his condition did not last long. The malady was not cured. He was soon again covered with painful ulcers, and he suffered in soul and body. September fifteenth, feast of the Seven Dolors, he said: "I also shall suffer much if the good God loves me much." And on the seventeenth, just three months before his death, he issued this watchword:

"Perseverance!"

In his last retreat he offered himself again with great fervor to the Sacred Heart to endure all sufferings for the intentions of the Sacred Heart. About the middle of October he made a spiritual testament and the heroic act for the souls in purgatory. He then made an offering of everything to the Sacred Heart of Jesus with sublime words of love. For love seeks to give. Stephen had but one possession, and that was spiritual, and of this he stripped himself completely in the spiritual testament which he wrote October eighteenth, 1935, two months before his death. This is the complete text:

Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, grant that I may renounce myself more and more! I wish to keep nothing for myself, neither my prayers nor my pains. They are all Yours. You have given them to me to be used. I return them to You, Most Sacred Heart!

I offer them as a satisfaction for the souls in purgatory, together with all the prayers which may be offered for me after my death. I offer them as a supplication for the intentions of Your Sacred Heart. You know where lies the greatest need of them, where my treasures will find the safest keeping, or who will be in the greatest need of them.

But when shall I make satisfaction for my own sins? There is purgatory for that. Permit me there to make satisfaction, Most Holy Heart of Jesus, and not here on earth . . . here there is a more important purpose for prayers and sufferings: we must unite them all for the conversion of sinners; but how? It is Your Heart that knows that best.

To serve the Throne of Love, Your Sacred Heart—forgetting myself, renouncing myself—to serve with love and

in suffering. I have need of both,—and then only death which destroys the last obstacle to love—that is the purpose of my life! My scheme of life!

As to my intentions: apostolic action—now the little Crusades of the Sacred Heart—spirtual needs, and so many other important intentions; as I can no longer dispose of anything, I beg You, Sacred Heart, to pray for them, and to have Your saints, my holy patron Saint Joseph, my angel guardian, Your angels and my Mother, the Blessed Virgin, pray also."

To serve the Throne of Love, the Sacred Heart of Jesus, by suffering and love; all that Stephen desired was love and suffering, and after that, death and the destruction of the last obstacle to his love. Such, in fact, was the plan which was eventually worked out.

Stephen no longer prayed for his cure, but offered himself with fresh outbursts of love to God for the accomplishment of His holy will whatever be the suffering He might wish to lay upon him.

He would not take any narcotics, but told the doctor with humble sincerity: "If you command it, I will obey; but I should prefer to suffer without narcotics."

November third he made the great sacrifice of his life; he had to leave Manresa and return to his home until he was better. It was thought that a change of climate might bring about an improvement.

The first days at home he did improve a little, the ulcers disappeared, he was cheerful, followed a regular order in the use of his time, prayed much, and studied Greek. But the eighth of November his fever rose again. The doctor determined to remove him to the hospital. But before leaving home he received the last sacraments. His father accompanied him to the hospital, and it was only there that they learned he had erysipelas. He was, therefore, placed in the contagion ward, where his relatives were unable to see him. But at the end of two weeks he was able to return to his family. God gave him a few days of joy in the intimacy of his family. He prepared to take his degree in Greek, and read the works of Saint Teresa of Avila. He renewed his determination to give himself entirely

to the fulfilment of God's will. He prayed much, and after Holy Communion remained a long time absorbed in God. Even as he left the church his lowered eyes and recollected demeanor revealed his soul at prayer.

In the beginning of December he went to Budapest for an operation on his tonsils which were the cause of his trouble. The operation was successful, but the wounds healed only with difficulty. A young nurse told us after his death: "In the course of years there have been many seminarians, priests, and religious here, but no one was ever so united with God as he. During the ten days of his sickness not once did he raise his eyes to me." Stephen was not then able to talk, but everyone loved him: "He was so kind, so gentle," said one who knew him at that time.

At length, on December 14th he returned home. He was very happy, and hoped at the end of a few months to return to the novitiate. But that very evening he had a high degree of fever. The disease assailed him with a tragic violence that grew with the hours. His death was only two days away. Two of his companions came to see him. "He could not speak," wrote one of them, "but he gave us a friendly smile. We told him that we were going to begin the triduum. He was so happy at that! When I asked him, he assured me that he would be back at the novitiate as soon as he was better."

Once more he had to be taken to the hospital, for an ulcer in the throat threatened to strangle him. He could no longer speak or eat. At the hospital he fought against suffocation all night. It was excruciating pain. The sister who tended him told us: "All night long big tears flowed from his eyes. He looked only at his crucifix." Finally, about three in the morning, he lost consciousness, and an opening was hurriedly made in the larynx and a silver tube inserted.

When he recovered from his faint as a result of this artificial respiration, he traced on his bed-covering the word "Priest." But the sister, believing that he would recover, attached no importance to it. Then he wrote on a slip of paper: "The Priest?" But the sister

did not think that the patient was in danger of death. In his agony, he showed her the paper, but in vain. The priest lived in the house, only a few steps away! Two hours thus passed. The dying boy clutched his crucifix, his eyes fixed upon it through his tears. It was then that he was better able to understand the woeful abandonment of Jesus on the cross, and accepted his own with a great heart.

Meanwhile, at five o'clock in the morning, another sister came to relieve the night nurse. She noticed that the poor invalid could heardly breathe. When she had washed him, the dying boy wrote with his last ounce of strength:

> I am not able to confess. I want absolution while I make my act of contrition. I cannot receive communion, as I am unable to swallow. I want extreme-unction."

The sister set his bed and table in order, and went to fetch the priest. Stephen was so happy!

A few minutes later, when the priest arrived, the patient had already lost consciousness. No one knew what was happening in these last moments. But on a slip of paper there were six lines which he had written during the last moment of his conscious life. They were his farewell, and his last word on the threshold of eternity. He had written to his parents: "Good-bye. We shall meet on high. Do not weep. It is my birthday in heaven. God bless you!"

"My birthday in heaven . . ." How could he, always so humble, so self-effacing, who asked purgatory for himself, make such a declaration at his last moment, and with such certainty? It is the secret of the hour of his death.

The priest gave him absolution, administered extreme-unction, and bestowed upon him the papal benediction. After that, the priest and sister knelt down and waited Stephen's death while they prayed. At ten minutes after six he gave up his soul to Jesus, the judge of the living and the dead. His hands were closed upon his crucifix and a medal of the Blessed Virgin.

His face reflected the sweetness of his birthday in heaven.

He passed to eternity on December seventeenth 1935. He had lived nineteen years, eight months, twenty-two days.

His funeral was a presage of his heavenly triumph. The Father Rector of Manresa came from Budapest for the burial. At Manresa it was the common opinion that this hero of suffering and lover of the Sacred Heart rested in Him. His spiritual father exclaimed: "There is one more saint in heaven!" The next day a secular priest wrote in a catholic periodical of the young Jesuit novice: *"Fratres, venite exultemus!* Brethren, come let us rejoice, for he has been found worthy of the honors of heaven!" Father Rector invoked Stephen and there at his grave asked him to teach us from heaven to love suffering and to suffer with love as he did for the Heart of Jesus.

After his death, this hidden life began to diffuse its light. A desire was expressed for an account of his life. The first edition was soon exhausted, as was the second, to which was added a large number of testimonials of favors received.

Shortly before his death Stephen Kaszap had promised that he would repay whatever was done for him. He has kept this promise: numerous graces and cures give witness to it.

A seminarian had to undergo an emergency operation for stricture of the intestines. After the operation the doctors admitted that there was no hope. The whole seminary community then began prayers to Stephen in their chapel. The sisters at the hospital did the same. A small relic was placed on the sufferer and a portait of Stephen hung in front of his bed. Three days passed in indescribable anguish. Then on the third day, which looked like the sick man's last, his brother, who was chaplain of the hospital, in spite of the bad weather went to pray at Stephen's grave. At that very hour, and while they were praying, a sudden and unlooked for change took place, and the sufferer improved so

quickly that in three days he got out of bed.

One of his Jesuit brothers, during his military service, was thrown from a bicycle by an electric train going at full speed. The violent fall caused a fracture at the base of the skull so serious that at the military hospital the doctors declared that it was impossible to save him. The injured man was unconscious for several days. On the third day a relic of Stephen was placed under his head; he regained consciousness for a few moments and prayed to Stephen. A fervent novena was begun, and, on the ninth day the twelfth after the accident, a sudden change took place in the condition of the sick man, and before long he was completely restored.

A little girl suffering from infantile paralysis suddenly recovered the use of her feet, at the end of a novena which she and her mother made to Stephen.

A school teacher was going to have one of his legs amputated because of blood poisoning. The evening before the operation he prayed fervently to Stephen, and that very night there was such an improvement in his condition that the amputation was no longer necessary. Before long he was completely cured.

A woman suffering from glaucoma had lost her sight. An operation had been performed without success. After four months of complete blindness, she again saw the light at the completion of the novena which she with her whole family had made to Stephen.

A woman was seriously ill with a purulent inflammation of the gall-bladder and of the peritoneum. After four months she looked like a skeleton; she received the last sacraments and was waiting for death. It was then that her husband received from his pastor a piece of cloth from Stephen's cassock. He placed the relic on his wife and with great faith began a novena. The sick woman, instead of dying, grew rapidly better.

A little boy who had a purulent meningitis was immediately cured after he and his parents had implored the help of Stephen. According to the doctors, "such a cure has never taken place."

A young person after two novenas made to Stephen was suddenly cured of an eczema which for nine months had resisted all treatment.

A mother, after the birth of her baby, suffered in both legs from a serious attack of thrombophlebitis, which would not yield to treatment. She prayed to Stephen and applied a little relic, a bit of cloth from his cassock, and was very quickly cured.

A young child, whose father and uncle were doctors, had been declared incurable at the clinic, his high fever being of central origin and caused by a malformation in the brain (near the 'sela'). His mother applied the relic and prayed with the child, as did the religious of that town, and the fever left him at once; he was completely cured.

A Protestant woman, after a dangerous stomach operation, gave the doctors little or no reason for hope. She received the relic, prayed, and was cured almost at once.

Accounts of the most striking cures, supported with medical attestations, are coming in.

Outstanding spiritual graces are likewise numerous, especially conversions of great and hardened sinners, which they themselves and the circle of their friends attribute to the intercession of Stephen: death-bed reconciliations with God, misunderstandings cleared up, peace restored to broken families, vocations, sudden deliverance from moral dangers, the grace of resignation and of confidence in the midst of great misfortune. One mistress of novices, together with her four novices, begged Stephen to send them numerous vocations. In a short time the novitiate was augmented with seventeen novices. A young engaged couple assured us that they owe it to Stephen that their marriage was able to take place. After faithful prayers the obstacles which seemed insurmountable readily disappeared. A secular priest offered one hundred masses, first intention, for Stephen's beatification, as a mark of gratitude for a grace obtained beyond all human expectation.

The aid which has been asked of Stephen in various

difficulties of the temporal order has not been lacking; employment obtained, unhoped for appointments, financial aid, success in university examinations, lawsuits won, calumnies unmasked, difficulties of every kind overcome against all expectation, benefactors provided for the poor, etc., etc. The list of graces obtained is too long to enumerate. And in every instance thanks are given to Stephen with expressions of admiration, of veneration, and the firm conviction that it is a saint who is bestowing his favors. The grave of Stephen has become a place of prayer, it is loaded with flowers, and people are found there at all hours. This confidence of a Christian people and the favors obtained seem to be an indication of the powerful intercession of Stephen with the Sacred Heart of Jesus to Whom he was so devoted.

ANTHROPOLOGY IN MINDANAO

J. Franklin Ewing, S.J.

Sagunto, Agusan, P.I.

Perhaps in this time of wars and invasions a bit of variety may be furnished by a few notes on a most peaceful occupation, our present expedition in Mindanao. Mr. Jaime Neri, S.J., and myself have been engaged for some time now in studying the anthropology of the pagan tribes of Mindanao, in searching for the remains of ancient man in that Island.

The word "Mindanao" has instant connotation of the Moros, hence the peaceful nature of our work might be doubted. But we leave the Moros severely alone, for many reasons, and find the tribes of the interior rather timid than warlike. It is a question of keeping them from running away from us, rather than of warding off attacks. In the quiet forests and along the placid rivers of Mindanao, it is difficult for us to realise that a vast war is waging elsewhere.

In fact, the work itself might be considered escapist in the extreme, as it brings us far from all the accustomed things of our civilization (except insofar as we bring them with us), amid scenes and props which would cause a commotion on Park Avenue or Charles Street. Blowguns and fire by friction, wild chicken snares and tree-houses, orchids, fried termites and filed teeth . . . and a hundred other strange phenomena might lead the reader to suspect that the expedition is a prime example of the desire to get away from it all. Still, it might be better, in the interests of sober truth, to apply ourselves to the less picnic-like aspects of the work, and give a sketch of the aims and methods and possible effects of the expedition, because the

serious looms large in our nomadic life, and the escapist plans definitely to return to it all.

The object of the expedition is two-fold. The study of present-day man in the mountains of Mindanao, and the search for the remains of ancient man. There is reason in this bipartite purpose. The search for the remains of ancient man, unless there be indications that he is definitely to be located in a certain area, is always a gamble. Especially in the tropics is this so, where bones do not keep except under the rarest of optimum conditions. The study of the tribes offers us security in gaining some results to show for the expenses and ties in, naturally, with the racial history of the region. Whatever in the line of human paleontology may be discovered will be clear profit.

The research was to be done in the Philippine Archipelago, and Mindanao was selected as the general area of investigation for many reasons, not least among which was the fact that practically no intensive ethnological work had been done here and no physical anthropology at all. To Mindanao was added a tentative visit to the Island of Palawan, which seems to have greater probability of affording ancient remains.

Certain tribes were selected to be studied first because they were hitherto unstudied in any way and occupied strategic sites along supposed emigration routes. Such was the tribe of the Subanuns. The Tirurays belong to a different language group than the majority of Mindanao tribes. The Mandayas have always been traditionally different in appearance. For paleontological search, areas were selected because of their accessbility to ancient man, geological structure and the like. The coincidence of these two aspects sometimes provided the opportunity of doing two things at once, a desirable state of affairs, when one's time is limited.

The remote outfitting of the expedition was done in Manila. The needs were multifarious, and every emergency had to be envisioned and provided for. As was to be expected, several were not. The coastal towns of

Mindanao afforded us food and presents and some other things.

A visit to one of the houses of the sort we find when we invade a tribe's inner territory, would show clearly how we have to provide everything, except a very little food, and firewood.

In some cases, we use our tent, when the headman's house is too small. In others we use his house, and the tent too, spread out overhead, since the roof invariably leaks, and the prolific cockroach that loves to live in his grass roof produces its own showers of bits of grass and dung.

The people are content to cook their rice in a single pot, but our kitchen needs are somewhat more varied. Their menu is extremely limited—usually rice, with perhaps greens to go with it; rarly a chicken, or the local relation of the sweet potato. We found we needed a more robust diet, for efficiency's sake. Soap is unknown, either for laundry or personal use. So are chairs and tables, typewriters, screwdrivers, shoelaces, matches, and a host of other things we take for granted in Woodstock or Philadelphia. They all have to be brought with us. When night comes, they use a smoking lamp of resin wrapped in rattan leaves. We had to bring a good lamp, so that the unending process of catching up on notes could go on. And it is impossible to expect that a pagan people would have all the necessaries for daily Mass.

In addition to things necessary for life and ordinary work, a large quantity of scientific things, cameras, specimen bottles, films, alcohol, books, and the like filled our packs. We became probably the largest owners of cans with tight fitting covers in the Island. Those myriad and voracious cockroaches came in swarms—and told their friends—to the variation in diet which our leather goods, books, and even the glue on our envelopes offered.

Measuring instruments were acquired from Professor Hooton, of Harvard. Father Eugene A. Gisel,

S.J., of the Ateneo de Manila, has kept us supplied with films and photographic supplies, and has seen to the development of the films in Manila, where expert work can be done. The nearest priest on the coast acted as buyer and banker, when we sent bearers down for supplies. The officials of the various local governments have proven universally friendly, even without the use of a special letter of recommendation from President Manuel L. Quezon. An American planter fed and housed us for several months, and other Americans have helped with experience and information. In a word, we have caused a great deal of trouble to many others than the people into whose private lives we have pried!

Once the tribe was selected, and the Weather Bureau's charts checked for suitable weather, the "jitney", as the station wagon is universally called in Mindanao, is packed, and we make our way over roads of varying excellence to a point as far as we can get to our objective, which is the center of the tribe, the farthest region from outside influences. Some time is, however, also spent studying the changes going on at the edges of a tribe.

Here in Mindanao, the present pagan tribes were pushed by the more aggressive latecomers into the less desirable and more difficult terrain of the interior, which is, for the most part, mountainous, and one travels on foot and along trails known only to people of the locality. Traps for the wild boar and sharpened bamboo caltrops, as well as the continual change of trails as the people move their houses and their clearings, make the trails dangerous for a stranger. At our "jitney's" resting place, we hire guides and bearers, and push into the jungle. In the case of the Manobos, the first part of our journey was facilitated by the Agusan River, which led us without pedal miseries into the heart of the region we desired to study. Otherwise, our trek has its ups and downs, particularly noticeable because all the forest people let their trails lead them straight across country, careless of what

crests or canyons lie inbetween. Along the way we collect what specimens of rocks, animals or plants we can.

Once among the villages of the interior, our object is again twofold, measuring the men and studying the culture of the people. The second purpose is subordinate to the first, and fundamentally is pursued because there are innumerable delays in the measuring and therefore always time for cultural study, and because the way of life of a people affects their physical makeup.

But there is an even more fundamental reason, or rather, a more apostolic reason, for studying the cultural life of the peoples we meet. A knowledge of the customs, taboos, habits of a people is always of prime importance to a missionary. The Jesuit Relations are the best-known example of the activity of Ours in studying the customs of the people they came to evangelise. The early Jesuits in North America, as writes M. W. Stirling, Chief of the United States Ethnographic Bureau, ". . . amassed a fund of information concerning the Algonquian and Iroquoian tribes that has proved a veritable Rosetta Stone in interpreting the remnants of culture found by modern ethnologists", because they ". . . made a particular point of studying the natives and recording their customs . . ." It is hoped that our work, so in the tradition of the Society, will be of aid also to missionaries among the tribes we visit.

The usual organization of the tribes is to have a headman over various smaller or larger sections of the tribe's territory. His house is usually the largest in the neighborhood, and he is used to receiving the wayfarer. So we lodged with him, astonished as he often must be by such strange guests. Through him, as a rule, we get what men we can to be measured. This is a rather difficult proposition, since the headman rules by persuasion rather than by absolute command; he can understand the meaning of our study little if any better than his subjects; and those subjects are averse

to the strange, made timid by isolation and, in some cases, by being harried for centuries by the Moros, superstitious about the possible ill effects measuring may cause. There are a host of excuses. I should think that a hundred men measured here would be the equivalent of a thousand in other parts, because of the excuses and because the people live in widely scattered houses.

The measuring itself also makes the work slow. I measure only in the morning, and each man takes about twenty minutes. Using the record sheet of Harvard, the process should take about six minutes. Out of a desire to make our work beyond the carping of the most captious, and out of a desire to obtain the maximum scientific results, I have included over a dozen questions about ancestry and the like, forty-three measurements, and over sixty observations, which are estimates of characteristics which cannot or need not be measured. There are also three photographs; and a hair sample is taken, where the superstitions of the people allow it. I doubt if any expedition of our manpower ever included so much.

It was suspected beforehand, and experience has borne out our suspicion, that the tribes differ among themselves in small things, and that the separation out by statistics of the various elements of each group would depend on fine differences. For comparison with the pagan tribes, we are also measuring the Catholic Visayans of the coast. At this stage, I am confident that our results will overthrow several old theories, which have found their way into the textbooks although hardly founded on facts. However, this is not yet certain, for, although I work out certain indices as I go along, to keep my finger on the pulse of the work, the great bulk will have to be done later, and intellectual unsatisfiedness is our lot, as we plod along with the somewhat monotonous measuring. Monotonous, because two hundred at least of every tribe are measured.

Part of the physical research is also included under the cultural studies, since the work, food, sleep of the men are important considerations. The ethnological work is more varied, but also real labor. One is constantly on the watch and, unwilling to miss anything, must learn the native name for every object or action, and questioning unschooled people is more of a trial than would be imagined. The same questions have to be asked over and over again, not only in each place, but from the same individual, rephrasing them until one is sure that the meaning is caught, and that the answer represents reality as both of you see it. To take but one example: the measurement of time by hours, days, weeks, and so on, is unknown to the people of the interior, hence we have to arrive at the truth in anything connected with time by devious ways. In addition to questioning, we visit their homes, often far apart, often near together, but with intervening canyons. There we poke into every corner and discover the name and use of every object, photograph anything of value, make movies of their activities, try to learn some of their stories, and to make a collection of weapons, baskets, clothes, utensils and other objects of the everyday life of the tribe.

The people we have dealt with so far, apart from their aversion to being measured, have been most cooperative, glad to show us things and demonstrate methods. They are shy, but little friendliness need be shown, before they bustle to help us. Our introductions are effected through the children, who accept our candies without suspicion, and through little gifts and medicines.

We will resist the temptation to lengthen these notes with anecdotes of our life in the interior, and draw towards the end with a sentence or two about the paleontological work.

We keep up a vigilant search of caves, river banks, and other likely lurking places of ancient man's remains. So far, our vigilance and a considerable amount

of exploratory digging has resulted in several hundred flint tools from Zamboanga Province. This enables us to prove definitely one migratory route for stone age man into the Philippines. As pointed out earlier, finding ancient man is always a matter of chance, and all we can contribute to success in this regard is continued search, and the prayer that the work of the expedition will be crowned with something valuable being found, something which will greatly enhance our work.

We will end this pedestrian article, which has been written in five places along the way, with what really should have been the beginning. This is the fact of Father John F. Hurley's generosity and vision which made the expedition and its continuance possible. It was he who conceived the project and made it feasible; through his energy and charity it has gone on. The National Research Council of the Philippines kindly contributed five hundred pesos ($250) towards the work, and is currently considering another grant-in-aid of the same amount. This is greatly appreciated, but is, after all, only a small share of the expenses. Father Hurley's financial ability has borne without flinching the not inconsiderable remainder. Finally, he has paternally watched over the work and encouraged it at every step. We ask a prayer from the readers that he will find complete justification of his policy in the success of the expedition, which will redound in its own small way to the Glory of God and the good of the Society in the Philippines.

A CRADLE OF AMERICAN CATHOLICISM

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Edward P. McAdams

(Reviewing the three centuries of Jesuit missionary work at Newtown Manor, in southern Maryland, this address was delivered on the occasion of the unveiling of a monument to the eighteen Priests and four Brothers of the Society whose remains are interred in the cemetery adjacent to the Church of St. Francis Xavier, Newtown, St. Mary's County, Md., on Aug. 17, 1941.)

Four hundred years of consecrated service in the education, the sanctification and the salvation of souls! That is in one sentence the history of the Jesuit Order. Where in the world will you find any government today which has endured for such a length of time? Even in the Catholic Church you will find that many of the Orders have experienced a reform or a readjustment of their Constitutions, their discipline, and sometimes their objective. Of course, someone will say that the Jesuit Order was suppressed. Yes, it was suppressed in Catholic countries, but it was not crushed. It maintained its integrity from 1773 until 1814 with headquarters in Russia. Even here in the United States of America in this land of sanctuary, Maryland, it never lost its identity.

We would like to call your attention to one very important fact about the Jesuit Order. During this jubilee year, the world at large is acknowledging its debt to the Jesuit Fathers as the great educators of youth. The primacy of their position in the field of education and the long roster of scientists, theologians, philosophers, astronomers, inventors, is recognized even by those who stand in opposition to the Jesuit Fathers on religious grounds. But what we wish to

bring forward to you today is the fact that this is just half the story.

Within 50 years of its foundation, the Jesuit Order went into the mission field and quickly encircled the globe. It soon achieved and maintains until this day a preeminent position both in the religious and the sociological advancement of their mission converts. The latest available information relative to the Jesuit missionaries in mission fields the world over gives their number as 3,902. Added to this are 1,300 on home missions. Of this latter number 273 are members of this Province. As we always link the names of Saints Peter and Paul, likewise we link the names of Saints Ignatius and Francis Xavier.

Standing here today in this particular place we are attesting after 300 years, our respect, our admiration, and our affection for those Jesuit Fathers who on this very spot, where stands the Church of St. Francis Xavier, the oldest Church in the state of Maryland and the colonial United States, initiated the pioneer mission work of the American colonies and laid the foundation of the entire educational system which we Catholics enjoy in the United States today.

It is not within the scope of our discourse to recount the history of the Church or of the Jesuits in Maryland, or in any of the other colonies, nor is it our purpose to signalize any of those courtly gentlemen and scholars who left home and family to labor for the salvation of souls and to minister to the spiritual needs of the Catholics located on the various waterways of Maryland and Virginia. Rather we accentuate on this occasion the fact, as an exception to the statement of Shakespeare in regard to good men, that "the good is oft interred with their bones."

In this case we visualize eighteen priests, covering a period of 160 years, from 1690 until 1850. In the latter 50 years they were assisted by four lay brothers. These men were surrounded by virgin forests. Their best mode of transportation was by water. To traverse

the land they must go over Indian trails and ford the mouths of wide creeks and rivers made passable by the deposit of silt. In this section of the world there was only one road, John Digges' wagon road, blazed in 1724, reaching from Ridge through the clays, the sands, the gravels, the rocks of the various sections of Maryland as far as Conewago, then in Maryland. These men were farther away from the centers of civilization, from European culture, from libraries of reference, from schools and colleges and universities, than any man, woman or child today located in the most remote parts of the world. Correspondence with loved ones at home was most haphazard. Often an exchange of letters covered a period of two or more years. The question of personal clothing, household furniture, cooking utensils, not to forget vestments, altar stones and equipment, were all over a Robinson Crusoe problem. In the matter of vestments alone, the vestment used by the priest was usually a sprig of green, a dash of white, a splash of red, a violet thread and a blur of rose, resembling nothing in the world other than a Joseph's coat.

These gentlemen priests lived for the most part from saddlebags, the one containing their altar kit, the other their personal shaving gear and invariably some beloved book in Italian, French or Latin. It is thrilling to pick up these well-thumbed, underscored books of two hundred years ago and read the name of the owner penned upon this very spot, the ink still fresh as the morn on which it was writ: a Peter Atwood; a Robert Brooke; a James Ashby, or a Francis Pennington. How close they are to us in thought and in achievement, though the years are lost in eternity!

These men felt themselves isolated, persecuted by marauding, warlike Indians of the five nations of the Iroquois, by the Quakers in Annapolis, by the Episcopalians in Calvert, and yet they carried on. Their field of activity seemed so restricted, their efforts so futile, their labors so arduous and yet today on the 17th of August, 1941, when we come to do them honor, we

see their work in colonial America linked up with that of their brethren in the Miami country around the Lakes, the Pacific coast and the Floridas. Today their beloved Maryland is a commonwealth in a nation that reaches from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Lakes to the Gulf.

These priests labored up until 1789 under the spiritual jurisdiction of a Vicar Apostolic in England, three thousand miles away. At times the priest on this mission stood alone. At other times he was aided by others. Beginning in 1701 Father Hunter had with him four priests and four lay brothers. In 1704 there were eight priests; in 1723 there were twelve priests; and in 1773 there were twenty priests. Today after 150 years we have 20 Archdioceses; 91 Dioceses, Army and Navy Diocese, Pittsburgh (Greek Rite), Ukrainian Catholic Diocese, Belmont Abbey and Abbott Nullius; 2 Cardinals; 18 Archbishops; 113 Bishops; 22,569 Diocesan Priests and 10,971 Religious Priests, making a total of 33,540; 13,114 churches with resident Priests; 5,643 missions; 209 Seminaries; 16,746 students; 181 colleges for men; 677 colleges and academies for women; 1,362 high schools; 441,273 high school students; 7,561 parochial schools; 2,106,970 pupils attending parochial schools; 311 orphan asylums; 36,206 orphans; 167 Homes for the Aged; 679 hospitals and a Catholic population of 21,406,507.

Here the first Catholic educational institution was inaugurated and today our primary and secondary schools are almost innumerable. We would not trace any particular educational institution directly back to Newtown any more than we would trace our ancestry back to Adam. Many have sought to seek a direct relationship between Newtown and Georgetown. We would say that the germinal idea of Georgetown started at Calvert Manor, the present site of St. Mary's in Newport, Charles County, Maryland.

We think it is a glorious thing to resurrect the names, if not the bodies, of these holy Jesuits and

render public honor to their life, their labors, their example and their sanctity. It is most fitting that this be done in this centenary year. It features two of the articles of the Apostles' Creed, the resurrection, our personal resurrection, and life everlasting. Everything good that has been accomplished by the Church in America is but the superstructure built on the work of these priests and brothers. It would give each and every one of us encouragement to think that after one hundred or two hundred or several hundred years, our names and our work would be considered of such value as to merit revival, survival and memorial.

The following is a list of the eighteen priests and four brothers whose lives and labors we wish to honor today;

Father James Matthews
Francis Pennington
Henry Poulton
Robert Brooke
Francis Lloyd
Peter Atwood
James Carroll
Michael Murphy
James Ashby
James Beadnall
Peter Norris
Bennett Neale
Ignatius Matthews
Augustine Jenkins
John Bolton
John Henry
Leonard Edelen
Ignatius Combs

Brother Richard Jordan
Mark Fahertt
Walter Baron
Edward Nolan

Fathers Neale, Ignatius Matthews, Edelen, Jenkins and Combs were natives of Maryland and members of well-known Catholic families, Fathers Carroll and Murphy were Irishmen. Father Henry was a Belgian. The others were natives of England.

To those interested in the Maryland Missions, the one at Newtown Neck unfolds the whole story of 300 years of missionary labors on the part of the Jesuit Fathers in Maryland (Newtown Neck is a peninsula lying to the west of Leonardtown between Breton Bay and St. Clement's Bay). Its establishment probably was coincident with the erection of a similar Mission at St. Inigoes, some thirty miles east.

The very name Newtown would indicate that its establishment followed close upon the erection of St. Mary's City. We know that William Bretton, with his wife Mary, daughter of Thomas Nabbs, and one child, arrived in the colony about 1636; that he was Register of the Provincial Court under Governor Green from 1647 to 1649; that he lived many years in Newtown Hundred, and in 1661 he was the first to give a parcel of land in the Colony to the Catholics for the building of a "Church or Chapel to the Greater Honor and Glory of Almighty God, the ever Immaculate Virgin Mary and All Saints."

There is a question as to whether the name of William Bretton's wife was Mary or Temperance. The obituaries of colonial days bring out the fact that wives died in their 20's and husbands in their 40's or close to 50 years of age. Many of the male colonists and also most of the early Americans were married two or several times. Samuel Washington, brother of George Washington, was three times a widower at 19, and later married two other wives, so it is quite possible that Mary Nabbs died soon after coming to the Colony and her husband was married again to a woman whose name was Temperance.

"Now know ye, that I, William Bretton . . . with the hearty good-liking of my dearly beloved wife, Temperance Bretton; to the greater honor and glory of Almighty God, the Ever-immaculate Virgin Mary, and all Saints; have given, and do hereby freely forever give, to the behoof of the said Roman Catholic inhabitants, and their posterity, or successors, Roman Catholics, so much land, as they shall build the said

church or chapel; . . . with such other land adjoining to the said church or chapel, convenient likewise for a churchyard, wherein to bury their dead; containing about one acre and a half of ground, situate and lying on" . . . (description follows. The deed is dated the tenth of November, 1661.) The spot agreed upon by all is a little triangular piece of ground lying between the people's graveyard and the gate on the road. Some old bricks covered with mortar are the only remaining relics of the Chapel of St. Ignatius that was erected on this place.

The Newtown estate, acquired in 1668, has remained in possession of the Society to the present day, having come down by a line of descent through testamentary devise, until the incorporation of the Roman Catholic Clergy of Maryland in 1793; since then, it has formed part of the property held by that Corporation. This estate was not a *Grant* from the Lord Proprietary. Cecil Calvert, long before, had so modified the "Conditions of Plantation," that the Jesuit Fathers were prevented from acquiring the land to which they were justly entitled, and it was with difficulty that St. Inigoes and St. Thomas' were saved from sequestration. Nor was this property a *Gift,* as is sometimes asserted; it was acquired by legitimate *purchase.* It is matter of record that Mr. William Bretton and Temperance, his wife, conveyed the two tracts of land, containing in all 850 acres, and constituting Newtown Manor, to Father Henry Warren, in 1668, the consideration being 40,000 pounds of tobacco. The value of tobacco in colonial times being estimated at forty-four dollars per thousand pounds, the price paid for that part of Bretton's Neck purchased by Father Warren was 1,760 dollars—a fair price, when we consider the uncultivated state of the Newtown land and the value of money at that period.

The first Catholic school in Maryland was established at Newtown about 1677, and it lasted until its further existence was rendered impossible by penal legislation. Father Ferdinand Poulton, a few years after the settle-

ment of St. Mary's, wrote to the General of the Society about the prospect of founding a college in the infant colony, and the General answered in 1640: "The hope held out of a college, I am happy to entertain, and when it shall have matured, I will not be backward in extending my approval." The name of Ralph Crouch, who came to Maryland in 1640, is handed down in connection with the Newtown School. He was a schoolmaster, and is characterized as the "right hand and solace" of the Jesuit missionaries; after years spent in teaching, he became a lay brother of the society, and died in Europe in 1679. Ralph Crouch and Thomas Matthews, ancestor of Father James Brent Matthews, now of St. Inigo's, were constituted executors for the estate of Edward Cotton, a wealthy planter, whose will, dated April 4, 1653, contains the first bequest made in behalf of education in Maryland. By one of the provisions of this will, Cotton devises a horse and mare to Father Starkey—"the stock and all its increase to be preserved, and the profit to be made use of for the use of a school . . . my desire is, if they shall think convenient, that the school shall be kept at Newtown." Evidently, the executors must have thought Newtown to be "convenient," as the school was established there.

Of all the Maryland Jesuit Missions, this is the only one which has come down through the centuries replete with all the drama surrounding the labors of the pioneer Jesuit Fathers, and is still flourishing as one of the many parishes administered by them in Southern Maryland. Its record furnishes the historian with many notes and incidents of real worth and interest.

The position of the manor house built in 1640 on the shores of these waters and purchased by Father Henry Warren in 1868 from William Bretton for 40,000 pounds of tobacco, brings back to our mind that in early colonial days all travel, whether for social, commercial or religious purposes was by water. Roads came into existence only when men like John Digges

reached out and placed settlements in remote places such as Conewago, which was then thought, in 1724, to be in Maryland. Parishioners came to attend divine services on Sundays and holy days in boats propelled by oars or sails; these latter were generally of the sloop type.

The church at Newtown Neck was originally under the patronage of St. Ignatius, but the present structure which has served the congregation for over two centuries bears the title of St. Francis Xavier. The old manor house, originally one story and now two, with a mansard roof, changed from the gambrel type at the beginning of the World War, is hallowed with the memories of a long distinguished line of saintly priests. Fathers White, Altham and Copley attended here until their forcible abduction in 1645.

The Rev. Francis Fitzherbert, alias Darby (note: on account of the persecution of the clergy they usually employed an alias, for instance, John Altham, alias Gravenor; Timothy Hayes, alias Hanmer; Thomas Copley, alias Philip Fisher), a one-time military chaplain in Flanders, attended St. Ignatius' Church in Newtown in 1658, for we have record of his trial for sedition and treason at St. Leonard's Creek in Calvert County, October 5, 1658, under Governor Fendal (term 1658-1661). We have other evidence that Father Fitzherbert was at Newtown from 1654 to 1661.

In 1640 Father Ferdinand Poulton wrote the General of the Order about the establishment of a college. The result of this communication was the opening of the first Catholic school in Maryland at Newtown in 1677. The first Catholic teacher was Ralph Crouch. This school started in 1677 and was closed about 1704, when the law was enacted, "If any persons professing to be of the Church of Rome should keep school or take upon themselves the education, government or boarding of youth, at any place in the Province, upon conviction, such offenders should be transported to England to undergo penalties provided there by Statutes

11 and 13.—William III, for the further prevention and growth of Popery."

This school was the forerunner of the one established at Bohemia Manor on the eastern shore and transferred to Georgetown. (It is quite evident that a Novitiate never existed at Newtown.)

Robert Brooke, the first native-born Jesuit, went to this school and Mr. Thomas Hothersall, the sole Jesuit scholastic in colonial Maryland, taught in this school from 1683 to 1698. It is quite possible that services in St. Francis Xavier Church were suspended for awhile during the penal days in Maryland. Of this there is no certainty, but we do know that when Governor John Hart, (term 1714-1720), last of the Royal and first of the Proprietary Governors, and nephew of the Protestant Archbishop of Tuam, began in 1717 to make efforts to confiscate property held by the Jesuit Fathers, Father William Hunter deeded this property at Newtown as confidential trust to Thomas Jameson, Sr., of Charles County. Of course, it was returned later to the Jesuit Fathers. It might be of interest to note that sometimes in the old records the titles "Newtown" and "Clementown" are used indifferently.

From Newtown we have the fullest descriptions printed of Maryland missionary life before the Revolution. Father Joseph Mosley, who came to Newtown in June 1758, writing to his sister in England in September of that year, tells us that he ministered to 1500 souls. His description of the climate, the curiosities of the birds, the beasts and fish corroborates the statements of John Smith written a century and a half before. He dilates on the long rides on horseback, riding never less than 150 miles and often 300 miles a week. Yet he says, "I am as happy as a king."

It is worthy of note that Father John Lewis was living at Newtown in 1773 as Superior of the Maryland Jesuits when Bishop Challoner of London, notified him of the decree of the suppression of the Jesuit Order by Clement XIV; it was at Newtown in 1783 after the declaration of peace between England and the

United States that John Lewis was elected superior of the Associated Clergy of the Roman Catholic Church in the State of Maryland. This last was really epochal because it marks the transition of the Jesuit organization from its English jurisdiction and paved the way for the conference at Whitemarsh which brought about the establishment of the Catholic hierarchy in the United States; and Father Robert Molyneux was living at Newtown when made superior of the restored Order in 1805, under Pius VII.

It was at Newtown that we find the first recorded appeal made after the suppression of the Jesuits by these noble missionaries for support from their parishioners; before 1773 they had derived their support from the community. This appeal was made by the Rev. James Walton, who was at Newtown from 1769 to 1781. During the fall of 1814, after the attack by the British on Baltimore, St. Francis Xavier Church at Newtown was closed on account of depredations committed by the English before leaving the waters surrounding southern Maryland.

That Newtown was always considered a headquarters and was held in veneration as a home by the Jesuits in colonial days, is evident from the number (18) and the names of the Jesuit Fathers, two diocesan priests, Cornelius Mahoney and John Franklin, and four lay brothers, whose bodies lie interred in the cemetery.

In 1647 there was no priest in Maryland; in 1668 there were three, Henry Warren, George Poole and Peter Manners. In 1670 there were two, Henry Warren and William Warren, who were presumed to have been brothers; in 1673 there were two Jesuits and two Franciscans.

In the eighteenth century the Jesuit Fathers becoming more numerous, Newtown usually furnished a residence for two or more Fathers. From 1797 to 1871 we have a complete list of superiors at Newtown. Father Joseph Enders, the last superior in residence at New-

town transferred the Jesuit headquarters to Leonardtown, from which place one of the Fathers resident in Leonardtown has attended Newtown as a mission.

Newtown Neck and the Church of St. Francis Xavier may be reached by leaving the State Road from Waldorf to Leonardtown at the State Roads Commission garage at McIntosh Run just a mile north of Leonardtown. The distance from the State Roads Commission garage to the church is four miles. The parish graveyard will be passed on the left one-half mile north of the church.

The charm of this section, the pine woods, the inlets or creeks, together with the fresh salt air, will well repay one for a trip from Washington or Baltimore, and past our mind's eye will march in review charming cavaliers, insolent Roundheads, Indians of giant stature, English redcoats, sailors from channel ports, continental recruits, Revolutionary regiments of the famous line that gave its name to Maryland, and made her fame immortal on every field of strife in the nation's history: Republicans, Whigs, Confederates and Federals; they have all sailed these waters and trod the ground of this sacred section.

Today in recalling the lives and the labors of these pioneer missionaries, let us also give every honor and credit to the Fathers who are perpetuating the noble efforts and traditions of their ancestors in the Faith in these parts. To us who labor shoulder to shoulder with them they are always a source of zealous stimulation and edification. Priests possessed of culture, knowledge and charm, they labor incessantly and untiringly in the vineyard of the Lord. Allow us to remark that many refer frequently to their vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, accentuating the poverty and chastity and gliding over the obedience which is as important in the spiritual growth of a soul as baptism is in conferring the supernatural life.

Especial credit is due to the Rev. Father John L. Gipprich, S.J., for the kindly thought and the generous activity which brought about this notable event.

FIRST PILGRIMAGE TO AURIESVILLE—1889

(Ed. note. Prior to 1889 *pilgrims had often come to the Shrine of the Martyrs at Auriesville from the neighboring towns. It remained for that year to see the first organized group coming from a distance. Of that group of half a century ago, first to blaze the trail which so many thousands have followed, only one is left to-day. He is James J. Sullivan, now a septuagenarian, who writes the following in answer to our request for an account of that memorable journey. Mr. Sullivan's memories of Auriesville are enriched by the fifteen years* (1895-1910) *which he later gave, as a labor of love, to the management of the Shrine.)*

This is an account of the first Philadelphia Pilgrimage to the Shrine at Auriesville, August, 18th, 1889. As I look back over the years it seems only as yesterday; these are sweet memories of long ago.

Early in August of 1889, Father F.X. Brady, S.J., called a meeting of the young men of the Gesu Parish. The object was to organize a pilgrimage to the Shrine. He was assisted by my old friend, John J. Branin, who, in former years, had taught school for Father Hourigan of Binghamton, N.Y., the one who erected the Memorial Cross. Up to this time there had not been any pilgrimage from any distance, the only pilgrimages being from St. Joseph's Church, Troy, N.Y., then a Jesuit parish, and from towns close to the Shrine. As the feast of the Assumption fell on a Thursday, it was decided to make the pilgrimage the following Sunday, August 18th, and on Saturday, August 17th, the first Philadelphia Pilgrimage of young men left Broad St. Station in a special car. There were Fathers R. S. Dewey, F. X. Brady, J. A. Buckley, and Mr. Geo. O'Connell, all Jesuits, and 35 young men. I have a memento of the first Philadelphia

Pilgrimage which I prize very highly. It is a printed card about 2 x 4 inches in size. On one side is a picture of the original statue of the Mission of Our Lady of Martyrs, A.D., 1675-84, Notre Dame de Foye. On the other side is printed the following:

Saturday

A.M. 8:20—Depart Broad St. Station
A.M. 8:45—Chaplet said
A.M. 10:40—Jersey City Lunch
A.M. 11:20—Jersey City Depart
12:00—Litany sung
P.M. 2:35—Chaplet
P.M. 4:00—Chaplet
P.M. 5:16—Amsterdam, arrive for the night at the Hotel Warner

The Right Reverend Bishop of Albany has graciously given faculties to the Fathers conducting the pilgrimage with his special blessing for the Pilgrims.

Sunday, Feast of St. Joachim, Father of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

A.M. 8:00—Meet at Church. Blessing of Pilgrims.
A.M. 8:15—Coaches to Auriesville
A.M. 9:30—Mass of Communion
A.M. 10:00—Mass of Thanksgiving
A.M. 10:30—Free Mass, Breakfast. Free Time.
P.M. 1:00—Visit to Historic site with Guide
P.M. 3:30—Way of the Cross. Discourse
P.M. 5:00—Coaches to Amsterdam. Dinner

Monday

P.M. 7:30—Benediction at St. Mary's
A.M. 8:53—Depart
P.M. 6:00—Arrive Philadelphia

We stopped at Kingston on the way up, for lunch. One of the young men, deciding to have a look at the town and the beautiful scenery, strolled too far from the station and the train left without him. He was not missed until the conductor came through and counted the number and found one missing. This caused some worry to the Fathers, but the young man showed he could take care of himself by taking the boat to Albany and a New York Central train to Amsterdam, arriving about 9 P. M. He was picked up and hurried

over to St. Mary's for confession with the other pilgrims.

Arriving at Amsterdam, the pilgrims marched to the Hotel Warner and registered. (The Fathers and the Scholastic stopped with Father McIncrow at St. Mary's.) After being assigned to our rooms, I remember one, an Irishman, who, looking around his room, did not see a bed. He came down to the clerk and said, "there is no bed in the room." The clerk called the bellboy and sent him up to the room with him. The boy lowered the folding bed, which was one of the old-fashioned walnut type set in the wall like a wardrobe with a large mirror from top to bottom. He had never seen a folding bed before, and in telling of it afterwards, he said he put the pillows at the foot so that if it closed up on him he would have his head up. After a grand night's sleep at the hotel the pilgrims marched to St. Mary's Church where Father McIncrow gave the Pilgrim Blessing. After that we entered three large busses which had been waiting outside the Church. It took about an hour to get to Auriesville, going along the tow-path of the Erie Canal. Arriving at Auriesville, the pilgrims left the busses at the foot of the hill and walked up a narrow path to the steps at the entrance. The first thing we saw inside the gate was Father Hourigan's Memorial Cross. About 100 feet east of this was the first Shrine built by Father Loyzance in 1884, five years earlier. Father Currier, a Redemptorist, had preceded the pilgrims and had said Mass and had everything ready for the pilgrim Fathers. There was a large number of people from the surrounding towns, among them Father Dolan of St. Cecilia's Church, Fonda, who had brought his entire congregation down on a canal boat. And as I remember, two of the young men of the parish decided to row down the Mohawk; the boat capsized and they were drowned.

The pilgrims knelt at the Communion rail during the Mass, and all received Holy Communion. About noon,

breakfast was served at the Hotel, then known as the Putnam House. In the afternoon, the pilgrims again went up the hill and were shown many marks, interesting indeed, of the old Ossernenon. Among them were the old Indian village and the stockade, then about 2½ ft. high, but now greatly reduced due to the thousands walking over it in years gone by.

The Stations of the Cross were made by the pilgrims. At that time the Stations were in about the centre of the original ten acres. In the centre was a large Calvary mound, a large cross and the figure of Our Lord, and at the base were the statues of the Blessed Mother and St. John. The Stations consisted of large wooden crosses in a circle around Calvary. After the Stations, Father Currier gave an address to the pilgrims, telling in graphic manner the story of the men who had been martyred there. Later on Father Buckley gave an address in the ravine. The ravine in those days was surely a ravine. A climb to get in and a climb to get out. I can remember, while in the ravine, we were attracted by a large yellow boulder not far from the large rock, but not nearly as big. On this were cut some letters which we could not decipher. I often looked for this in later years, but was unable to find it. After our visit to the ravine, we again went back to the Shrine, and after saying some prayers, all joined in singing Father Metcalf's hymn, "Form your Ranks." After this we marched down the hill and entered the busses for our trip back to Amsterdam. After supper we marched to St. Mary's Church for Vespers and Benediction. We all wore League badges. Father Dewey established the League in St. Mary's that day. After the services we all went to the Priests' houses to thank Fathers McIncrow, White and Walsh for their kindness to us. Monday morning we attended Mass at St. Mary's before leaving for Philadelphia. We had a very jolly time on our way home. I can remember, because of the soft coal burned on the West Shore, we all purchased goggles before leaving Amsterdam. We looked like a lot of hoptoads. We arrived at the Broad

Street Station, Philadelphia, at 6 P.M., and bade each other good-bye. When we met in the days and the years after our first Pilgrimage, the beautiful Shrine was always the topic of pleasant conversation.

As I sat on the steps of the old open Chapel and looked at the beauties of the old Mohawk River and Valley August 18th, 1939, 50 years, to the day, after the first pilgrimage, I thought of those on the first pilgrimage, and tried to recall them one by one. As far as I know, I am the only one living and I thanked God to have been able to see the Shrine as it is today, and tried to picture it 50 years from now.

When I think of the many happy days I spent at Auriesville in after years, it is like living over again. Perhaps some of the recollections may be of interest. Anyhow I am going to continue with some of them.

During August, 1890, some of the Women Promoters from the Gesu and other parishes made the second pilgrimage from Philadelphia under the leadership of Father F. X. Brady, S.J. While the men of the first pilgrimage started a collection for a chalice, the ladies of the second pilgrimage finished it. You will find the names on the bottom of that chalice at Auriesville. Some are still living. During the month of August in the following years, there was a priest stationed at the Shrine. After Father Dewey went to Europe and Father Brady left for Tertianship, Father Wynne took charge. He was greatly interested in the Shrine and things began to move. He knew what the Shrine was to be some day and always had the Martyrs at heart. In 1895 he built the open Chapel and constructed the roads through the Shrine, which were engineered by my good friend Father J. A. Brosnan, S.J. Father Wynne had the trees planted, and the Ravine was purchased through the generosity of the Misses Burke of Philadelphia. Later Miss Anna Kelly of New York purchased property west of the ravine purchase. Miss Kelly intended using the property on which to build a lunch room and tea room.

A few years later Father Wynne purchased the

acreage from the brow of the hill down to the half-acre owned by Jay Irving adjoining the Putnam House. His next purchase was the hotel and acreage east as far as the east side of the first priest's house, now the tea room. The following year the hotel, which stood about ten feet from each road, was moved back in a southeasterly direction about 50 ft. The old ballroom on the second floor was partitioned into rooms, and baths and toilets were put in on the first and second floors, porches were put in the east and west ends, and the façade added to the front.

The next year the store across the road in front of the hotel was purchased through the generosity of James D. Murphy, who had the contract to build St. Andrew's at Poughkeepsie. The old store was the meeting place for the local farmers during the winter months. Many good stories were told around the old stove. One night, I remember, a boy coming in for some pickles, asked how much they were a 100. Old Luther Karl who kept the store answered, "a dollar a hundred." An old farmer sitting near the stove said, "My gosh, pickles a dollar a hundred, a hundred pickles a hundred dollars,—I'll plant the whole farm in pickles next year." The following year the store was torn down and the lumber was used in the construction of a one-story addition to the Hotel, east of the kitchen, known as "the ship" and used by the employees for winter quarters.

The following year Father Wynne purchased the Putnam farm which included the flats and acreage from the east side of the present Tea Room to the Jacob Houck farm as far as and including the woods south of the road leading to Schoharie Creek, then west as far as the Gard Blood farm, then east as far as the John V. Putnam orchard, then north to the Glen Road, about 168 acres. Putnam did not include his home and orchard in the sale, neither was the old Ostrander plot included. The old Putnam House and barn east of the railway station were torn down and the lumber used to build a large open shed on the Shrine grounds. That

winter a saw mill was put in along the road leading to the Schoharie. A few car loads of this lumber were sent to Poughkeepsie and some to Kohlman Hall and some used for an addition to the priest's house (now the tea room, whose front columns are from the front of the old Putnam House). Afterwards the woods were thinned out and about a hundred thousand feet of lumber cut.

Here is something that may be of interest in the years to come. During my first years at the Shrine, Victor A. Putnam (the father of John V.) and I became great friends. He was then in his eighties. He often told me about his father, the first Abraham Putnam. One of the things he told me was that his father had two negro slaves, and when they died, he buried them near the old Indian spring, which was just east of the Shrine path, midway between the east end of the hotel and the present tea room, near the hickory trees, which I noticed are still there. Some day they may be dug up and the bones be mistaken for some of the martyrs or for Indians by the poorly informed. But I think the skulls would show that they were negroes. This Victor Putnam was the one who sent the telegram to New York one winter when the figure of Our Lord was blown off the cross at the Calvary group and one of the arms broken during a severe wind storm. The telegram ran, "Come up at once. Christ fell down and broke His arm."

There was another interesting land buy. Edward Shanahan of Tribes Hill (a graduate of Georgetown) purchased from Abraham Mabie about eight acres on the brow of the hill, west of the Shrine, with the intention of building a hotel. It was bought on mortgage. Shanahan planted a hundred trees, but the hotel was never built. Father Wynne was very anxious to buy the triangular piece leading from the Shrine to the ravine where the Wayside Chapel now stands. But Mabie would not sell until Shanahan either paid him for the land he had bought or deeded it back to him. Father Wynne told me to see Shanahan and see

what I could do. I called on him several times at his Tribes Hill home. He finally decided to deed the land back to Mabie, after which Mabie sold us the triangle and gave us the trees Shanahan had planted. They were replanted on the Shrine grounds. Ed Shanahan is still living with his brother-in-law at Tribes Hill.

After this an exchange of land was made with the West Shore R.R. The road in front of the Shrine was widened and at the gateway the stone and cement work finished. No one knows all the work Father Wynne did for the Shrine; the drainage of the fields, in itself quite a job, the building of the road into the ravine, the harnessing of the creek, the grotto, the sepulchre, the buildings, etc.

The Jacob Houck farm where the new tertian building now stands was purchased from Peter Baird of Amsterdam, N.Y. Mr. Baird was appointed by the court to look after Jacob Houck, an incompetent. Needing money for Houck's support, he sold the farm to the Shrine, the sale being approved by the court.

In the early days of the Shrine people came from all parts; the hotel and farm houses took care of them. They were very much interested in the services and the beautiful country. They were like one big family. Trips were made along the banks of the Schoharie following the Indian trails, to the old Indian villages of Andagaron and Teonontogen on the steamer *Kitty West,* to Katherine Tekawitha's Spring, and after services on moonlight nights there were straw rides to the village of Glen, then to Fultonville and back to Auriesville. It is a pleasure to look back.

As I passed St. Mary's in Amsterdam, I thought of Msgr. Delaney. As a young man he came to the Shrine with his aunts. We had a ball and used to play catch on the field above the ravine. Looking back, I can see Fathers Campbell, O'Sullivan, Spillane, Van Rensselaer, Brosnan, Kelly, Lynch, Lamb, and many others. Many times I think of Father Lamb and his friend Nicholas Brady. He used to visit Father Lamb at Auriesville and one day I can remember him saying, as

he looked down the valley, "I hope to do something for Father Jogues some day." I often think of him and Wernersville.

Now I will have to stop dreaming of the past, happy days of long ago. May God bless the great work!

TRADITIONS OF BALLY

1741-1941

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Leo Gregory Fink, V.F.

(*Continued*)

Rev. Augustin Bally, S.J., 1837

The successor of Father Corvin was the illustrious Father Augustin Bally, S.J., in whose memory the town of Bally was later named. It is said upon good authority that his real name was spelled "Balli," which name is found amongst the Belgians. His arrival was in 1837, and his service to Bally was of an extraordinary nature. He came in the full vigor of youth and good health from the populous regions of Belgium to the sparsely populated sections of Pennsylvania. His love for his work as a priest of God endeared him at once to both old and young and he immediately gained the deepest reverence of all non-Catholics. Most of his traveling was done on horseback throughout the entire length and breadth of his parish, as well as the distant missions, and it was usually an occasion of great joy when Father Bally came to minister to the spiritual needs of his isolated families. He usually set the time for his coming and all the Catholics gathered themselves either in a chapel or in the home of some parishioner, where he heard confessions, said Mass and broke the Bread of Life in Holy Communion for them. For almost 45 years he continued this strenuous visitation of his parishioners and there was seldom a visit upon which he did not make new friends and converts to Catholicity.

It is recorded both in writing and in the minds of those parishioners who still live, that in Father Bally

the happy combination of St. Vincent de Paul's spirit of self-denial and practical helpfulness was always found. His love for the children and his true friendship for young folks were always a marked characteristic of his apostolic life. It was a familiar sight to find Father Bally walking through the streets of the little town surrounded by the romping and gleefully singing children. His devotion towards the children went further than merely enjoying their laughter and smiles; he desired both Catholic and non-Catholic children to receive an education which might fit them for their great tasks in life and made definite arrangements with the county authorities to maintain a public school for all the children of the neighborhood. The parish furnished the school building to be used for this purpose, the parish paid for the primary teacher and the township paid for the grade teacher. The enterprise was highly praised by the superintendent and directors of the public school system in Berks County. Professor S. A. Baer, who was superintendent from 1875 to 1881, wrote in one letter as follows:

> The school was a good one and had the advantages of being graded, meeting all the requirements of the law and the county superintendent, and he (Father Bally) respected the rights of the directors and was their staunch friend and supporter. My recollections of my visits to Father Bally are amongst the pleasantest in my life. To be in touch with a soul so pure and radiant and withal so calm and saint-like was a privilege that I truly prized. His conversation was full of good cheer and always interesting and elevating.

During the dark days of the Civil War (1861 to 1865) we find Father Bally in possession of a passport to visit his parishioners who were enlisted men of the army of the North and fighting under Captain Schall, of Valley Forge. He ministered to the "boys in blue" and gave them every form of spiritual consolation as well as patriotic inspiration to "fight the good fight" and to be "faithful until death." The loyalty of these noble soldiers was always a pronounced object of admiration and could always be traced back to the

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good example of their "good shepherd"—Father Bally, who taught them the principles of true American citizenship.

Worthy of mention are the school teachers who supported Father Bally in his ideals of education, namely, Nicholas Andre, Jerome Stengel, Samuel Whitman, George Melchior and James M. Kase. Everybody worked in good faith and never was there the least semblance of friction, which proved Father Bally's administrative ability was the dominating spirit of every religious, educational, industrial and civic movement in Bally and its environment.

From one of the school teachers, James M. Kase, we have an abundance of anecdotes concerning Father Bally and his praiseworthy school. The author could easily compile a volume of interesting material on this one heroic missionary, but since the scope of this book is limited we must pass over rather cursorily the golden harvest of souls which he actually drew into the Kingdom of God. The pastorate of any Catholic Church means something serious, but the rectorship of the particular parish at Goshenhoppen meant much more. Here this valiant missionary found a mixture of two or more languages in one parish, and while he understood all their languages, yet he felt that for the purpose of making every Catholic a loyal American it was necessary that they should know the language of America. There is no doubt that the English language is the most popular language of America, and it matters not how much any individual may oppose this truth, the fact remains. This truth Father Bally knew very well and he insisted upon the children's using the English language. The rule that English was to be used exclusively at recess and about the school by the children was strictly adhered to, for several monitors were always appointed to enforce the law upon the children. Any infraction of the rule was provocative of the penalty—punishment. The result was evident, namely, that in the German-speaking community the English language was perfectly known and spoken for

the sole purpose of never isolating the Catholics of Goshenhoppen from the spirit and ideals of the youthful nation.

Father Bally was never desirous of holding a public office and his gentle and Christlike personality pervaded and penetrated everything and everybody's heart for the greater glory of God and the commonweal of America. That was the spirit of an humble soldier in the ranks who could follow his superior officers even unto death!

Many pleasant memories still linger in the hearts of a generation which never saw Father Bally but heard much about him from both parishioners and non-Catholics, and even to this day the many anecdotes of his zeal for souls are still related by some who knew him intimately. A charming biography has been written by William Bishop Schuyler and in addition to a private edition of this work the complete biography appeared in the September issue of the 1909 Records of the American Catholic Historical Society. The life of this saintly priest who gave himself as a good shepherd to the unknown sheep of his isolated fold, is most exemplary of the great missionary spirit of the Jesuits who left the centers of learning in Europe for the poor country missions in America. While some priests labored in the cold North and the Indian trails, as well as along the trading posts of the Lake Regions, yet here in the silent mission of Bally, this humble missionary and soldier of Christ watched on the outposts of Catholicism and preached the principles of Catholic dogma and morality in all parts of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Maryland and Delaware.

As an example of his zeal for souls, we can find no better record than the following, which tells the story of his priestly heart as it reached out to an old Negro and brought him at the age of 93 years into the Catholic Church. According to the baptismal record he presumed that the old Negro veteran of the Revolutionary War was only 80 years old, but in the Records

of Deaths and Burials it is clearly stated that the Negro was 93 years old. Over the grave of this Negro patriot in the old cemetery on the hill there waves an American flag that marks one of the many achievements of Father Bally, who made no distinction of color, race and language; his vehement desire was "to save souls" because he believed that "Jesus died for all."

The death of Father Bally was a severe shock to all his flock and even to his non-Catholic friends who so ardently admired his learning and gifts of leadership. He served his people for 45 years, which is a wonderful record for any shepherd of souls. His body rests in the beautiful cemetery on the hill and a large cross marks the spot where the "shepherd of the Berkshire Hills" found his rest in the "valley of the shadow of death."

During the pastorate of Father Bally, one of the curates was the Rev. Nicholas Steinbacher, S.J., who made extraordinary trips in the vicinity of Williamsport and has the honor of founding four churches in the course of his missionary career. The second curate was the Rev. Francis X. Varin, who before his arrival in America was chaplain to the King of Bavaria. Next came the Rev. Father Dietz, S.J., who was followed by the Rev. Burchard Villiger, S.J., who became the founder of the Gesu Church in Philadelphia. The next pastors were the Rev. Michael J. Tuffer, S.J., and the Rev. John P. Schleuter, S.J., who were succeeded by the Rev. John Meurer, S.J., who had the assistance of the Rev. J. Harpes, S.J., the Rev. A. Rapp, S.J., and the well known Rev. Ignatius Renaud, S.J.

The work of the Rev. Father Meurer, S.J., was most extensive and his baptismal records can be found in all sections of the Catholic missions and churches. He died with no enemies and a host of friends, a true example of what a Catholic priest should be—"all things to all men," according to the mandate of St. Paul. His

departure from Bally did not deter the progress of the Church, for he had prepared the parish for its future and passed on like a true missionary in the year 1889, to make way for the Rev. Aloysius Misteli, a secular priest, who increased the work of the parish by making the parish school perfect in every detail and a grand example for other parishes to follow in the line of Christian education. The first teaching Sisters were brought to Bally and the schoolhouse which stands to this day was erected in 1892.

Upon the departure of Father Misteli to Ashland in 1898, he was succeeded by the Rev. Anthony Nathe, on October 1, 1898. The work of the little and peaceful country parish advanced under the new pastor's guidance until he became sick in 1902, when the young curates from St. Paul's Church in Reading carried out the work. These zealous priests, whose spiritual care of the old shrine of Catholicity will never be forgotten, were the Rev. Francis P. Regnery, the Rev. Francis J. Hertkorn and the Rev. Joseph A. Schaefer. In 1903, the Rev. Charles Sauers became pastor and remained in charge until 1912, when he entered St. Joseph's Hospital, Reading. The Rev. Peter Fuengerling succeeded to the rectorship in the same year of 1912, and remained there until the present pastor emeritus, the Rev. Aloysius Scherf, in August of 1921, assumed charge of the old Jesuit shrine and historical mission of primitive Catholicism.

To Father Scherf much credit must be given for the present development of interest in the church at Bally, for in the true spirit of the Jesuit missionaries he has reverently cared for not only the material possessions of the church but also for every authentic tradition he has always cherished respect. Two cousins of Father Scherf are Jesuits and hence it can be safely understood that the spirit of St. Ignatius still prevails in Bally. The Rev. Peter Hermes, administrator of Bally at this time, directed the bicentenary of his historic parish.

"Town of Reading"

From Bally as a Missionary Base the Old Jesuit Trails radiated to almost every known town in Eastern Pennsylvania, notably to the place referred to in historic documents as "the town at the Widow Finney's," "the new town on Schuylkill," and in a letter of Thomas Penn to Richard Peters, called the "Town of Reading." The work of the Jesuit Missionaries in Reading and its environment remained an inspiration for other priests to follow.

The old Church of St. Peter, which was mentioned by a certain writer in 1753 as "a Roman Catholic Meeting-house," was a blockhouse on the east side of old Duke st. (now 7th st.), between Franklin and Chestnut sts. (on the present property of the electric plant opposite the Franklin Street Station of the P. & R. Railroad). Alongside the church was a graveyard; both church and graveyard were sold in 1845 and the bodies buried in the old graveyard were transferred to the new cemetery on Neversink Mountain.

The Jesuits consistently cared for the Catholics of Reading, and the probable date of St. Peter's Church and its founding was in 1751. The missionaries came from Bally, Philadelphia, and even Pottsville, to care for the Reading Catholics, and later regular pastors were appointed by the ecclesiastical authorities.

In 1844, a splendid piece of property was purchased for the erection of a large church on S. 5th st., between Pine and Spruce sts. Here the entire group of Catholics in Reading assembled and worshipped in the new Church of St. Peter, which was dedicated on Sunday, May 24, 1846, and it was only owing to racial and linguistic difficulties that the Most Rev. Bishop decided in 1860 that a separation of the parish was advisable. The result was that St. Paul's Church was built at 9th and Walnut sts., with the Rev. C. J. Schrrader as rector, and St. Peter's Church continued with the Rev. Francis O'Connor in charge. From St. Peter's parish, the new parish of St. Joseph was organized in 1891,

St. Anthony's parish in 1914, St. Margaret's parish in 1920 and St. Catharine of Siena's parish in 1925.

Monsignor Bornemann

Catholicism thrived under the Jesuit missionaries, under the secular priests assigned to the various parishes, and noteworthily under the Vicariate of the late Right Rev. Monsignor George Bornemann, V.F., whose personality stood out prominently in civic and religious life throughout the length and breadth of Berks County.

Filled with the spirit of the early Jesuits, Monsignor Bornemann labored in a predominantly Protestant community and made Catholicism stand out as "a light which enlighteneth all men." His achievements cannot be passed over by the historian, for they mark the phenomenal growth of Catholicity from a few hundred souls to approximately 15,000 souls enrolled in the roster of Reading's Catholic churches. Monsignor Bornemann stood out clearly on the horizon of American citizenship, for he had often, in company with Bishops Wood, O'Hara and O'Connor, gone to care for not only the Union soldiers but also the Confederate prisoners at Fort Delaware. Both as a seminarian and also as a Catholic chaplain he had learned to serve his "God and country." He knew the American spirit and lost no time in promoting the same in the greater interests of Reading when he came to that city as a shepherd of souls.

Among the outstanding accomplishments of his life were his pastorate of St. Paul's Church for 56 years; the founding of St. Joseph's Hospital as a result of the epidemic of 1872; the building of St. Catherine's Orphanage for Girls and St. Paul's Orphanage for Boys; the founding and gift of Neversink Mountain Sanatorium for Tuberculosis; the establishment and complete construction of the new House of Good Shepherd for Incorrigible Girls; the founding of the Bernardine Convent and Orphanage for Polish-speaking Catholics in Millmont; the development of Mount

St. Michael's Motherhouse of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart at Hyde Park; the founding of the new Gethsemane Cemetery at Hyde Park; the building of St. Paul's Parochial School and Convent for the Sisters of Christian Charity; and last, but most monumental, were his missionary labors in founding and building St. Mary's Polish Church, SS. Cyril and Methodius' Slovak Church, Holy Rosary Italian Church, St. Cecilia's Chapel, and the Church of the Sacred Heart in Wyomissing, as well as the renovation of St. Paul's Church in Reading and St. Mary's Church in Hamburg. Truly, Monsignor Bornemann continued the work begun by the Jesuit missionaries in those pioneer days of Catholicism in Berks County!

As a memorial to the beloved Monsignor Bornemann, the Rev. William Hammeke, P.R., rector of St. Paul's Church, has founded with the permission of His Eminence, Cardinal Dougherty, a Central Catholic High School in the beautiful Luden residence, and upon the estate was erected a modern fireproof auditorium, gymnasium, laboratories and class rooms for the accommodation of 500 high school students. The structure is situated on Hill Road with the undulating greensward and stadium of City Park to the west, while to the northwest there arises the towers of St. Paul's Church and the formidable buildings of St. Joseph's Hospital—all enduring monuments of Monsignor Bornemann's priestly zeal and labor for God and country!

Sweet Memories

When the writer called upon the Rev. Peter Hermes, administrator, and the Rev. Aloysius Scherf, rector emeritus of Bally parish, he was much impressed by the well-kept campus and cemetery. There is every indication that the builders of both church and rectory endeavored to convey to a future generation the majesty of colonial architecture and its placement upon a spacious lawn. Were a person suddenly transported from some famous estate of New England and placed

in front of the group of parish buildings at Bally, there we would find little difference in the classical atmosphere and environment of colonial days. There is a solemnity and nobility which pervades the very environment of such sanctuaries of American liberty as Independence Hall in Philadelphia and as the visitor enters the portals of the rectory he has only to observe the simplicity of the interior furnishings in order to grasp the spirituality of pioneer days.

In addition to the many household relics of colonial days, such as old oil lamps, furniture, old dishes and kitchenware, there are several sets of valuable vestments, a few unique collection baskets and other religious articles, chief of which is the old mission bell which still hangs in the old belfry of St. Paul's Chapel. This bell was cast in 1706 and came from Paris. The old altar in St. Paul's Chapel is thought to be the same one which was used by Father Schneider in 1741.

Very interesting indeed are the oil paintings, which may be arranged as follows:

1. "The Holy Family," judged to be an original Rubens painting of the 16th century Flemish school of art.

2. "The Last Supper," dated 1767, a gift from the ex-Prince-elect of Saxony to Father Schneider, S.J., and said to have been pained by Benjamin West.

3. "Madonna and Child," hanging in the old chapel.

4. "Francis Xavier," hanging in the rectory.

5. "The Immaculate Conception," found over the old altar in St. Paul's Chapel.

The rare books which are safely preserved in the rectory are as follows:

1. Copies of the original *Baptismal Records* beginning 1741, and continuing up to the present date.

2. German Catechism, compiled by John George Homan, and printed for the church at Bally by Carl Bruckmann in 1819.

3. An old "Peter Canisius" Catechism in German, used on the missions and dated 1810.

4. A copy of Goffine, printed in 1817.

5. An old copy of Goffine, commentary on the Gospels and Epistles for all Sundays of the year, printed in 1802 in Münster.

6. Copy of *Imitation of Christ*, by Thomas à Kempis, dated 1810, and said to be the book in the hands of Father Erntzen when he was found dead by Father L. Barth.

The total number of missionaries and priests buried in Bally is as follows:

Rev. Theodore Schneider, S.J.
Rev. John Baptist de Ritter, S.J.
Rev. Boniface Corvin, S.J.
Rev. Francis X. Varin.
Rev. Stephen Gabaria, S.J.
Rev. Paul Erntzen.
Rev. Augustin Bally, S.J.
Brother Joseph Brambacher, S.J. (faithful servant of Father Bally, who died the same year as Father Bally).
Rev. Anthony Nathe.
Rev. Charles Sauers.

May they rest in peace!

The traditions of Bally have come down to us through such historians as the Rev. Aloysius Scherf, rector emeritus of Bally; the Rev. Elmer E. S. Johnson, D.D., professor of church history in Hartford Theological Seminary, who as a non-Catholic with residence near Bally in Hereford, has always been a warm friend of the Jesuits and the secular priests in charge of the historic church; William Bishop Schuyler, author of the *Memoirs of Father Bally*; J. Bennett Nolan, Esq., author, prominent lawyer and historian; and the Very Rev. Thomas C. Middleton, O.S.A., who as an editor, annotator and translator of historical documents made the pioneer work of Martin Griffin and the American Catholic Historical Society appreciated by our present age. The late George J.

Gross, Esq., and Joseph M. Kase were quite familiar with the early history and local traditions of Bally, and both were active in effecting a renaissance of historical interest in Goshenhoppen.

When historians, Catholic and non-Catholic, stand silently with bowed heads at the tomb of the first missionaries of Bally, there is heard no bugle sounding "taps," nor are the reverberating echoes of a firing squad heard, but the old mission bell cast in 1706 still rings out its clarion call and message of Colonial days —*Pro Deo et Patria.*

The cathedral organ may pour forth its triumphal theme as the religious procession wends its way down the aisles of the crowded edifice; the monastery choir may chant its paean of spiritual solace for the novice as he contemplates the mysteries of theological truth within the cloister's silence; yet, here in the peaceful environment of our pioneer forefathers, we behold the missionary base of the Jesuit Fathers who traversed the length and breadth of Penn's Forest. In sweet memory we hear the hoofbeats of the missionary's steed as it carries forth Christ's apostle with the Gospel of the Catholic Church, and today we see the Church Militant with millions in its serried ranks of American citizens.

The brave and courageous missionaries and pioneer Catholics cut down the impassable forests and flaired a Christian trail from the primitive log-cabin chapels to the stone cathedrals of our living Catholic Faith. A Catholic trail was established through the almost impregnable forests of bigotry, the morose and darkened ravines of ignorance were spanned, and the hills of doubt were leveled through the happy medium of our schools, colleges and universities taught by men and women who believed in God and our country, America.

The old Jesuit trail from Bally traversed mountains and streams and through the expansive valleys of Pennsylvania it has returned to Berks County, where a terminal of spiritual glory is found in the Novitiate

of St. Isaac Jogues at Wernersville. Here the spirit of the early missionaries and martyrs prevails in the daily routine of the Jesuit novices.

The imprint of our Catholic Faith is upon America! The cities of St. Mary, St. Paul, St. Louis, St. Joseph, St. Augustine, San Francisco, San Antonio and the veritable Litany of the Saints in California's golden chain of missions, all bear testimony to the work of the pioneer missionaries and patriots of the United States of America. Christian Doctrine is stamped upon our mountain peaks, our valleys and our cities, when such names as Sacramento, Santa Fe, Los Angeles and Corpus Christi still remain!

Upon the ground which was consecrated by the Divine Sacrifice of the Mass and by the labors and prayers of the first Jesuit missionaries, we have a Shrine of Colonial Catholicism—BALLY!

May the old Jesuit trails through Penn's Forest ever lead you, dear reader, to such historic missionary bases as Carrollton, Gallitzin and Bally! May the Church of the Apostle St. Paul transformed into the Church of the Most Blessed Sacrament inspire you with a greater love for our Catholic Faith in our country, America!

HISTORICAL NOTES

ST. IGNATIUS' DOCTRINE ON THE INTERDEPENDENCE OF WORK AND PRAYER.

We have often heard, from our noviceship days onward, the following advice supposed to have St. Ignatius as its author: "Work as if all depended on you and pray as if all depended on God." One day someone, as devoted to the memory of St. Ignatius as any of us, rather shocked us by protesting: "*Nego suppositum!* St. Ignatius never said that." At once one of the listeners hurriedly arose and went in search of his *Thesaurus* in order to prove the authenticity of the "Ignatian aphorism": he came back and opened the *Thesaurus* at the *Sententiae S.P.N. Ignatii* (on page 604 of the Bruges, 1897, edition), and, rather stumblingly, read the second *Sententia* thus:

> "II. Haec prima sit agendorum regula: sic Deo fide, quasi rerum successus omnis a te, nihil a Deo penderet: ita tamen iis operam omnem admove, quasi tu nihil, Deus omnia solus sit facturus."

This sounded different from, and indeed quite contrary to, the customary dictum, for it seems to invert the order of dependence and to advise that we should "work as if all depended on God, and pray as if all depended on us."

A search for "the original" led to the following versions in various languages—but nowhere was there a specific reference to any orginal *script* of St. Ignatius himself.

In *The Spirit of St. Ignatius*, translated from the French of Father Xavier de Franciosi, S.J., (Benziger Brothers, New York, 1892), page 4, it is cited thus:

> "1. In all that you have to do, this is the chief rule to follow: trust yourself to God, whilst acting as if the success

of each thing depended entirely upon yourself and not upon God; yet, while using all diligence in order to succeed, depend no more upon your own effort, than if God was to do all and you nothing."

The original French of Father Franciosi's work, *L'Esprit de Saint Ignace — Pensées, Sentiments, Paroles et Actions—Recueillis et mis en ordre*—par le R. P. Xavier de Franciosi, S.J.—Nancy, 1887, page 5, gives:

"1. Dans ce que vous avez à faire, voici la règle des règles à suivre: Fiez-vous à Dieu, en agissant comme si le succès de chaque chose dépendait entièrement de vous et nullement de Dieu; et cependant, en employant tous vos soins à la faire réussir, ne comptez pas plus sur eux que si Dieu seul devait tout faire et vous rien.—*Nolarci.*"

Franciosi does not give any more exact indication of the source, "Nolarci," of this paragraph, but "Don Vigilio Nolarci" was found to be the pseudonym for Father Aloysius Carnoli, S.J., who wrote a life of St. Ignatius in the 17th century. A compendium published later on is in the Woodstock College Library, but does not contain any account of this saying.

However, in *Christian Spirituality* by the Rév. P. Pourrat, Supérieur du Grand Séminaire de Lyon, Volume III, *Later Developments*, Part I—*From the Renaissance to Jansenism* (Translated by W. H. Mitchell, M.A.; P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York, 1927), Father Pourrat refers to Ribadeneira as his authority for the saying, which however he quotes not in accordance with Ribadeneira's text but in the same Latin form as we have it in the *Thesaurus.*

Ribadeneira's text is found in *Monumenta Historia Societatis Jesus—Monumenta Ignatiana, Series Quarta—Scriptade Sancto Ignatio de Loyola—Tomus Primus*—Madrid, 1904. The sixth document (written entirely in Spanish) of this volume, pp. 441-471, is Father Peter Ribadeneira's *"De ratione, quam in gubernando tenebat Ignatius";* its Sixth Chapter is entitled *"Algunas cosas que hazia nuestro bienaven-*

turado Padre y pueden approuechar para el buen gouierno." In Paragraph 14, page 466, we read:

> "En las cosas del seruicio de nuestro Senor que emprendia vsaua de todos los medios humanos para salir con ellas, con tanto cuydado y eficacia, como si dellos dipendiera el buen suceso; y de tal manera confiaua en Dios y estaua pendiente de su diuina providencia, como si todos los otros medios humanos que tomaua no fueran de algun efe(c)to."

This is probably the nearest to the "original" we can get. A literal translation would run about as follows:

> In all things pertaining to the service of our Lord which he (Ignatius) undertook he made use of all human means to succeed in them, with as much care and energy as if success depended on these means; and he trusted in God and remained dependent on His divine Providence as if all these other human means which he employed were of no effect at all.

This, if condensed into an aphorism, would certainly be closer to *our* traditional form, namely:

> Work as if success depended upon your own efforts—but pray (trust in Providence) as if all depended on God.

than to the version given in Franciosi, in the *Thesaurus* or in Pourrat's *Latin* quotation. When or whence arose the wording of the *Thesaurus*, so different from that of the first-hand witness Ribadeneira is not explained; and until a better authority than Ribadeneira can be produced, it would seem that we must reluctantly admit that the *Thesaurus* presents an erroneous twist of the text that means so much to us:—or perhaps we should say that some "editor" with a stylistic urge for paradox tried to give it a more striking turn than the original.

It may be helpful here to transcribe Fr. Pourrat's presentation of the saying in the *text* of his book—as contrasted with his Latin "quotation" which he gives in a footnote including the reference to the *Monumenta Ignatiana*, but which he certainly did not obtain from the *Monumenta* (but probably from our *Thesaurus*) since the *Monumenta* gives only the Spanish text which

we cited above. Pourrat's commentary (on pp. 44-43) is as follows:

"In the era of its first appearance, Ignatian Spirituality was one of the most effective means for the protection of Christian devotion against the paganism of the Renaissance and the fatalistic quietism of the Protestant Reformation. According to Ribadeneira (*Footnote: *Monumenta, Tom. I, Scripta de sancto Ignatio,* p. 466), St. Ignatius acted in conformity with this principle: 'Let us work as if success depended on ourselves and not on God. Let us work with energy, but with this conviction in our hearts: that we are doing nothing, that God is doing everything.' This great law of his own activity is also that of his spirituality.

In the work of spiritual sanctification, there are two parts —God's and man's—Ignatius fixes his attention on the first to urge the importance of prayer in the securing of grace— God's part—and to call upon us to glorify God for all the good we do through Him. He emphasizes still more, perhaps, man's part—radically eliminated by Luther, as we shall see —and impels us to action, indeed, as if success depended upon ourselves alone. His spirituality, if the anachronism be allowed, is dynamically molinist; it is active and non-quietist, combative and non-pacific, methodical, and not just-as-you-will."

EDWARD C. PHILLIPS, S.J.

OBITUARY

FATHER THOMAS F. WHITE

1856-1941

On the morning of May 17, 1941 a brief but poignant sadness struck the community at Weston. The sudden passing in an hour's illness of Father Thomas F. White brought a sharp sense of loss, sharp, yet passing, for all realized that this grand old man of the province, in every sense the "daddy" of us all, had in his customary way laid aside his eighty-four years of life to enter just as simply an eternity of well-earned reward.

Father White was the younger of the two sons of Lawrence White and Honora Hurley, both natives of Ireland. Three other children had died in infancy. An item in the Boston *Pilot* shortly before his father's death describes the father in words that readily apply to Father White himself.

> Mr. Lawrence White of Charlestown was another welcome visitor. Mr. White is in his eightieth year, but he is so well preserved, so healthy, bright and cheerful—he declares he has not an ache or pain—that his friends find it hard to realize that fact. He has been a subscriber for fifty-five years.
>
> Mr. White is a native of Youghal, County Cork, Ire. He worked for over forty years as a boiler maker in the shops of the Fitchburg railroad, Boston. For a long time he was a teacher in the Sunday School of St. Mary's Church, of which Fr. Rodden, one time editor of the *Pilot*, was Pastor.
>
> Mr. White is a most entertaining talker, and his reminiscences of old times and people are of great interest.

Mr. White was the proverbial gentleman of the old school, educated in Ireland by the parish priest. After coming to America he lived all his life in St. Mary's parish, Charlestown. One of the outstanding Catholics in that notably Irish Catholic parish, the kind that

made it a rule to attend Sunday High Mass resplendent in frock coat and tall silk hat, he won the respect and admiration of Catholics and Protestants alike. At his death in 1907 his younger son, then a Jesuit at St. Francis Xavier's Church, New York City, sang the requiem Mass.

Father White was born November 1, 1856 in a little house on Richmond St. (now Rutherford Avenue) right behind St. John's Episcopal Church. The pastor of the church, a Rev. Mr. De Costa, often used to stop to talk to the little White boy, little knowing that in later years the same boy was to anoint him in a New York hospital. The good minister had become a convert and a priest, though he was to die a few short months after ordination.

Father White's brother Lawrence died in 1921 at the age of sixty-six. A favorite niece tells an amusing story that illustrates her Jesuit uncle's filial charity and perennial sense of humor. "My grandmother," she says, "believing in the old remedies, used to leave two doses of sulphur and molasses for the boys to take sometime during the day. My father refused flatly to take his, but Uncle Tom, rather than have his mother feel bad, would take the two doses. In later years, when I would tell him what an easy mark he was for my father, he would say: 'Well, perhaps it did me good. Your father's been dead quite a while, but I'm still alive.' "

At an early age the two brothers became well known to fellow-parishoners when they took over the management of their father's grocery store. One day a customer found Tom, as they called him, engrossed in a book. When asked what he was reading, the young storekeeper replied laconically, "Just a book." Surreptitiously glancing at the book, while the salesman was busy with the order, the customer found it was The Following of Christ. Like his father before him, the young salesman was for years a Sunday School teacher in St. Mary's parish. He was one of a group of young men who organized a Catholic Literary Club which met

for discussion of books, friendly debates, and occasionally lectures by prominent Catholics, thus supplementing the too limited education of those early days.

Although anyone who knew the Thomas White of those early days or the truly Ignatian Jesuit of later years would scarcely believe that a priestly vocation would require a Damascus-road conversion, the decision to become a priest was really the result of an almost miraculous escape from a railroad accident. On the return from a boat race in Quincy the train was severely wrecked. Many people were killed. Father White was able to climb uninjured through a window and be of assistance to the other passengers. He used to say that he began to think then: "My store-books are in order. What of my life?" Shortly after this, in the September of 1883, at the age of twenty-seven he enrolled at Holy Cross College, Worcester, with the fixed idea of becoming a priest. Three years later, on August 13, 1886, as he was completing his thirtieth year, he entered the novitiate at Frederick, Maryland.

We are told that character is life dominated by principle, not by impulse or environment. To follow high principles consistently and perseveringly is the mark of a strong character. For a man of thirty or so to break completely with the world, throw over his former associates, study Latin with school-boys, is considered heroic in St. Ignatius. Yet, this is precisely what Thomas White did,—though like St. Ignatius, he would be the first to disclaim heroism—in giving up his business and entering first Holy Cross and later the novitiate. A man of his age would find it hard to enter the Society in our day, when candidates must have years of study, but he possessed qualities which years of study cannot give. Most of the Society's members get experience from books and from the young. They do not know human nature until later in life. He had gained from his years in business a maturity and poise which must usually be learned from life.

Frederick, at the time of Father White's coming, was a peaceful little city of seven or eight thousand

inhabitants nestling in the beautiful and fertile Frederick Valley. It was an ideal place for a novitiate, with an almost perfect climate, a number of good roads branching out from it in various directions and offering a variety of beautiful walks as free from any disturbing distractions as the novitiate itself. In fact, at that time, even in our larger cities, the fostering of a call to the religious life met with scarcely any of those disturbing influences which now abound almost everywhere. It is true, that even then, as always, allurements drawing one strongly to a life of mere worldly pleasure might be found, still they had to be sought for. Father White's early life and home training had excluded any such seeking. Consequently when he entered the novitiate, though on in years and with not a little experience of the world, he was a religious in heart and in deed, lacking only the supernatural bond of the Three Vows to make him a religious in fact. His life in the world had been a novitiate; his life at Frederick was its crown, ending in his perfect holocaust. The regulations of the novitiate, the Rules of the Society in as far as they affected him, he obeyed strictly, as a matter of course. Indeed, it might be said, that the distinctive mark of his whole life in the Society was that he lived up to its requirements faithfully, as a supernaturalized matter of course.

The few survivors can testify to the real poverty and pioneer simplicity of the novice and juniorate life at old Frederick. Succeeding Father William Brosnan as manuductor, "Carissime" White gave general satisfaction. Being older than the rest, he was truly a big brother, encouraging all wonderfully by the cheerfulness with which he took all privations. A quiet sense of humor, which he never lost, helped him to look with a kindly eye on the exuberance of those just out of high school. If his young fellow-novices fell short of the seriousness with which he appreciated the purpose of religious life, he was tolerant and charitable. During his two years of juniorate, 1888 to 1890, he was

catechist at the Maryland State School in Frederick. His zeal for helping souls showed itself early in his learning the sign language in order to teach the deaf mutes at that institution.

Though he was already in his thirty-fourth year and still a long way from ordination, superiors found it advisable at this time to use Mr. White's experience and poise in the regency. For the next three years he was teacher and prefect at Fordham. As prefect of Second Division (now the Prep), he was eminently successful in combining kindness with firmness. The boys both esteemed and liked him, for his discipline was fatherly though unyielding. In later years Father White liked to recall the many amusing incidents of his days at Fordham, incidents such as the following which illustrate his knowledge of boys and their antics. Some of the boys were discussing with him his almost amazing powers of detection and he declared jokingly he could see around a corner. To prove it, he challenged them to go around the corner of the building and to do whatever they wished. He would tell them what they had done. They went, and on returning, Mr. White said: "You thumbed your noses at me." In further amazement, they admitted they had done just that. When asked "How did you guess that?" Father White would say: "Well, that's just what boys would do to a prefect."

Older by now than St. Ignatius himself when beginning philosophy, Mr. White entered Woodstock in the summer of 1893 to begin an abbreviated course of two years of philosophy and three years of theology, years of faithful application and clocklike regularity, crowned by the long-coveted goal of ordination on June 28, 1898, at the hands of Cardinal Gibbons. A fellow scholastic writes of him in those years: "Although much older than the rest of us, my recollection of him is one in which his simplicity and joyousness stood out. He may have been older in years, but he was as young in spirit. He had a keen sense of humor, which

showed itself in the part that he took to make our recreation most enjoyable." During those years he was catechist first at Woodstock and later at Henryton and an able assistant editor of the Woodstock Letters. He continued his interest in deaf mute work by gathering a group of theologians for instruction in the sign language.

He was no sooner ordained than he began his long career as a superior of Ours. Two days after ordination he was appointed Minister and Procurator of Woodstock. Just the year previous the aging Father Villiger had been appointed Rector and his feeble health threw most of the burden of government for the next three years on his able and efficient Minister. Father White had the greatest admiration for Father Villiger. He regarded him as a man imbued with the best spirit of the Society, especially as shown through superiors. He would be the first to admit that he owed much of his own prudence, wisdom, kindness, and considerateness to the early influence of this saintly old man.

Father White was one of the most successful Ministers who ever held that post at Woodstock. All who lived under him will remember him as a superior upon whom St. Ignatius would put the stamp of approval. His regular observance was as natural as if he had been born to it. There was nothing of self-consciousness about it, nothing in the least mechanical. Four square and just, a superior who guided his judgment by prayer and one who adhered strictly to the principle of *audi alteram partem*, he had withal a most gracious manner and, if at any time he was called upon to refuse anyone, he did it with such a manner that the refusal was received with joy. He was supremely modest, without the slightest self-esteem, having always a high regard for others, eager to perform any service for his fellow Jesuits and for all who in any way came under his charge. This would account for his unvarying charity, which again was natural in him, never officious or exaggerated.

An example or two will illustrate his tactful method

of preserving religious discipline, which made him an understanding and an effective, because human, superior. One of the morning attractions of the scholastics at Woodstock was the daily weathermap displayed in the corridor. The conversations about the map were not always confined to weather and often disturbed the silence becoming a religious house. Father White issued no notices and did not rebuke a single one. He simply transferred the map to the window sill opposite his room, left his door open and sat in full view reading his Office in the rear of his room. One sight of the Father Minister engaged in prayer was enough to stop all talk. The scholastics glanced at the map, passed to a morning visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and an abuse was remedied without the shedding of a drop of blood or without even a stern look. At the Christmas holidays the scholastics flocked in, as they do now, from the colleges to spend a few days and enjoy the plays and concerts. They would gather in the rooms for a chat and reminiscence and forget that the midnight hour was approaching. Father White, as was his duty, would make the rounds. He would simply knock at the door of each rendezvous; that was all, and that was enough. He would move silently away and the visitors would move as silently to their quarters. Everyone respected the confidence he placed in others. Such tact as that is not learned from literature, science, philosophy or theology. The school of life graduates such tactful men, and Father White finished in that school *magna cum laude.*

After making his Tertianship at Florissant, Mo., from September 1901 to July 1902, Father White returned to Woodstock to act as Minister for another year under the new Rector, Father Brett. He held that office until August of the following year, when he was transferred to the same position at St. Francis Xavier's, New York City. As Minister for three years and as Prefect of the Church and Sub-minister for three more years, he was an inspiration to all by his charity and zeal. In parish work he was efficient. He

knew the people, most of them poor, and kept close to them. Even on days when he had to sing a late funeral Mass, he was up as usual and out on sick calls. He was sympathetic, encouraging and equally acceptable to rich and poor. A saintly priest, with a heart as big as one could wish to see, he was fearless and tireless where duty or charity called. His stories of the wonderful working of grace in conversions or timely penitence were many. Weather or danger meant nothing, when a soul needed his care. He used to tell of being accosted by a policeman one night in a rather dangerous district where he was making a sick call. After warning Father White of the risk he was running, the policeman made sure to accompany him whenever he visited that district at night again.

In the summer of 1909 Father White was appointed Pastor of St. Mary's church, Boston. Old parishioners remember him as a most lovable character, generous and untiring in devotion to his people, especially to the poor. In 1910 he had St. Mary's towers repainted and the outside of the church sand-cleaned. He erected the statue of St. Vincent de Paul in the lower church, remodelled and beautified the present shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes, inaugurated the 11:30 Sunday Mass, which many former parishioners now in the suburbs still attend, and formed a young men's choir, better known today as the Alumni Choir. In the Spring of 1914 he sponsored a bazaar, which lasted a whole month and netted twenty thousand dollars, enough to renovate the lower church and to liquidate the debt resulting from a fire which destroyed the boys' section of the parish school in 1907. Much of the continued popularity of old St. Mary's is due to his foresight and wise provision in the days when the multiplication of factories and warehouses in the North End was forcing the residents of that section to seek homes on the outskirts of the city.

In 1908 the Society had purchased some property in Brooklyn, N.Y., the site of the city Penitentiary, and

had begun a school and parish there. A mortgage was put on St. Francis Xavier's, New York, requiring the payment of $13,500 interest annually, while Brooklyn had to pay a similar amount to the city. The Rector of Brooklyn was forced to borrow the necessary money and St. Francis Xavier's was asked to indorse the notes. Very Rev. Father General created a merger of the two places, declaring them an *ens unum*, and transferring the charter of St. Francis Xavier's to Brooklyn. Under the new arrangement Father Joseph Rockwell, Rector of St. Francis Xavier's became Rector of both houses with residence at Brooklyn. He was told to select someone who would be head of St. Francis Xavier's and accountable to him. He selected Father White.

Difficulties arose, of course, from the seemingly divided allegiance, while the financial drain on St. Francis Xavier's threatened the gradual closing of the famous old college. Only a man of Father White's tact, patience and unfailing obedience could have held such a position with equanimity. In time the Provincial, Father Anthony Maas, remedied the situation by appointing Father White independent Superior of St. Francis Xavier's.

In the qualities desirable in a Superior Father White excelled. His kindness, trustfulness and encouragement inspired all to put new zeal into their efforts. He was broadminded and tolerant. Any suggestion of value met with prompt and sympathetic approval. Once he had appointed anyone to an office or charge, he did not interfere, but was careful to show his appreciation of work well done. He was rarely ruffled. He was firm in governing, but not over-exacting. The scholastics, whom he used to call "his boys", were his special interest. Occasionally he would hire or borrow two large automobiles and send them off on a day's ride and outing. At other and unexpected times he would encourage some little excursion for a needed break. One of them recalls today an incident which

illustrates Father White's charity, detachment, and complete abandonment to the Will of God. One evening in early summer he was passing Father White's door. The door was open and Father White was sitting at the open window trying to catch a breath of air, for the evening was sultry. Father White called to the scholastic to come in for a chat. He was turning over a document in his hands and when asked what it was, he replied: "The trial status." When pressed for some information Father White merely smiled and said: "I never look at a trial status. I merely initial it and send it back to Father Provincial. My reason? Those who are appointed to the community by the Will of God are obliged in charity to bear with me; why then, should I not exercise the same charity in their regard and leave all to the disposition of Divine Providence?"

Manly and sincere, he made a good appearance in public. As parish priest he had endeared himself to the people and they remembered him now with affection and backed him to the limit of their means. Four bazaars conducted in his time netted $50,000. He encouraged dramatics and reproduced "My New Curate" which he had produced in Boston. He continued his interest in the deaf mutes by substituting in that work on the death of Father Michael R. McCarthy until Father Dalton was appointed. When he left St. Francis Xavier's in 1919, the school had grown in numbers from the mere four hundred he had found there to an enrollment of nine hundred, and Xavier High School was firmly established in its own right. Owing to the burden of the mortgage, he could not do much in the way of improvements, but he had a contented community and the respect and esteem of all.

During those years of the Great War, when straitened circumstances strained the morale even of religious communities, Woodstock had been no exception to the general rule. It was with a feeling of satisfaction then, that the community there welcomed as Minister again in September, 1919, this exemplary and experienced superior now in his sixty-third year. No

better encomium of his three years' incumbency can be given than that pronounced by the beloved Rector of those days: "Father White was a religious wholly governed by supernatural motives and ardently devoted to the principles of the Society. His exemplary conduct was a great force for good in the community. To this was added his experience, his ready ability to understand men and problems, and his prudence in estimating truly the relative importance of things. Together with brave and diligent devotion to all his duties, he always showed perfect poise and great consideration and kindness. He was always approachable and affable. These qualities won him the esteem and love and obedience of all, increased their willingness to be directed by him, and made him an excellent promoter of union, charity, and observance. All that is desired in the rules of the Minister was remarkably well exemplified in him, together with all that goes to make the picture of an excellent Jesuit priest, full of self-sacrificing charity and utter loyalty. When weakened health compelled him to lay down his heavy burden and say farewell to Woodstock, his parting words expressed the appreciation of the spirit of union and charity which he had witnessed in the community and his good hopes for its continuance. All felt his going, as that of a faithful, loving father most dear to them."

A temporary breakdown of his strength in August, 1922, forced the faithful and kindly Superior to seek rest. He was sent to Keyser Island, presumably for the needed rest, but in reality to continue as Superior there for the following three years. During this time his wonted vigor returned. As a host he was again his natural self, gracious and considerate at all times. Even at his age he did not hesitate to supply in nearby parishes when called on for help. He learned to drive a car and for most of one winter drove every Sunday morning to Waterbury to say a parish Mass. Because of having to give the Brothers at Keyser Holy Communion, he could not leave until Sunday morning and

the drive was matter of two hours while he was still fasting. On hearing of this, Bishop Nilan felt obliged to stop it. His charming personality won many friends among the neighbors of Keyser Island. A note left in a small diary states simply: "Oct. 20, 1925. Left Keyser Island to Fr. William Conway, my successor."

A call for more important work had come. He was to be for an even dozen years the Spiritual Father and Procurator at Shadowbrook, the novitiate in Lenox, Mass. Throughout these years, if one may be permitted a slight play on words, Father White did not belie his name, for in him all the virtues looked for in a Jesuit came to a focus-point. He was a living example of the positive edification which the Institute demands of every member of the Society. A man crucified to the world and to whom the world was crucified, one who had put off his own affections to put on Christ, who pressed with great strides to the heavenly country himself, and by all means possible urged on others also, ever looking to God's greatest glory, this valiant soldier of Christ grew constantly in wisdom, age, and most certainly in divine grace. He was religiously exact in the observance of common life. He realized keenly the obligations of his office. Once, when he had been unavoidably late for a community exercise, he remarked solemnly: "You know, as Spiritual Father I can't afford to be late or absent."

In such a house, comprising as it did novices and juniors, brothers, both veteran and novice brothers, faculty, mostly young fathers, all noticeably younger than himself, Father White's years of experience and knowledge of the spiritual life was an asset most invaluable. For superiors, his sound judgment, for the teaching fathers, his sage counsel, for the young scholastics, his sympathetic knowledge of human nature, for the brothers, his appreciation of their vocation and his profound humility, for all, his universal charity, courtesy, cheerfulness and sense of humor, the unction with which he performed any priestly duty, even the saying of graces or the reciting of the

customary three Hail Mary's at the beginning of an auto trip, the zest with which in his eighth decade of life he could enjoy academies, debates, plays, and even follow the scholastics' games, his example in the courteous treatment of guests, his sacrifice of time and even of sleep to be of assistance to anyone, and in the midst of all these outpourings of his large and generous spirit, the deep appreciation and genuine gratitude for any favor done or any help given him, his deeper spirituality and lively faith and insistence on the commoner devotions learned in childhood, to the Mother of God, to St. Joseph as the great provider, to the angels and the souls in Purgatory, his unfailing attention to the sick, all these traits and gifts and practices interweaving day in and day out for an even dozen years combined to make of him a workman at whom no finger of shame could ever point.

An entry in his diary for Nov. 1, 1925 says: "Beginning my seventieth year. Kindness everywhere." It became a tradition at Shadowbrook to celebrate his birthday with some little show of affection and on the occasion the kindly eyes would light up like a child's as he cut the cake and received the words of greeting and good wishes for the future. Individuals felt each a personal joy when in June, 1930, Superiors sent him to Rome as a province representative at the canonization of the American Martyrs. In a carefully kept diary of this trip one finds a genuine appreciation of all the wonders of the Eternal City and a deepening of faith as well as a faithful record of expenses down to the smallest items. On the occasion of his golden jubilee in the Society in August, 1935, he was as young in spirit as the youngest novice present and he enjoyed to the full the affectionate tributes of two fellow-novices, of several older fathers who had lived under him in various houses, and of his youngest brothers in religion, some of them nearly sixty years his junior.

As his eightieth birthday drew near and the long winters at Lenox began to tell on him, Superiors transferred him in the summer of 1937 to Holy Cross

College. Here he acted as Spiritual Father for two years, until the hill and steep stairs of his Alma Mater prompted Superiors to place him at Weston.

When he came to Weston to be Spiritual Father at the age of eighty-two, it was soon obvious that he was preparing in his methodical way for the great affair of dying. Outside of recreation, which he enjoyed and helped to make enjoyable, he seldom stopped to speak, and yet when consulted in private he showed that practical wisdom which is the result of grace and experience in religion. He spent much of his spare time in the chapel, giving himself up to a life of prayer and spiritual reading, cheerfully awaiting the hour when God should call him.

The call came suddenly, but quietly on the morning of May 17, 1941. He was up as usual and at morning visit. During meditation he began to feel a congestion that made breathing difficult, and, thinking the fresh air might relieve the congestion, took a short walk on the porch. Feeling no relief he returned to his room and called one of the fathers to tell him that he could not say Mass and would like to receive Holy Communion. Father Rector brought him Holy Communion after community Mass. A doctor was summoned and pronounced the condition a severe heart attack. He received Extreme Unction gladly, sitting up in a chair beside his desk and answering all the prayers, even removing his socks himself with a view to helping the anointing priest. When the drug given by the doctor began to work, he was helped to bed. For about an hour he lay quiet, with no visible sign of pain, but only the effort in breathing. When asked if there was anything he would like, he remarked: "just one good breath from my heels up." Once, looking up at the Crucifix on his wall, he said: "It seems strange that I'll be seeing Him this morning." Finally, turning on his side with a slight convulsive gasp, he surrendered his soul to God. May he rest in peace!

FATHER WILLIAM F. A. CUNNINGHAM, S.J.

1860-1941

The Reverend William F. A. Cunningham, the eldest son of Charles Francis and Jane Wilkinson Cunningham, was born in New York City, within the boundaries of the present parish of Saint Ignatius Loyola, on February 12, 1860. This date of his birth, it might be remarked, caused him to simulate concern in later years, since he, a firm believer in the principles of Tammany Hall, was forced to share the birthday of such an arch-Republican as the Great Emancipator. His early schooling was gotten in the public schools of New York, because the parochial school system was not so widespread nor so efficient as it subsequently became. He took his high school and college work at the College of Saint Francis Xavier in West Sixteenth Street, New York City, and was graduated from there, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, in 1879.

On the thirtieth of July, following his graduation, Father Cunningham entered the Society at West Park. It is interesting to note that this was then the novitiate of the New York Province, which had been formed on July 16, 1879, when the New York-Canadian Mission was abolished. However, the New York Province, as a separate entity, did not long endure, since it became a part of the Maryland-New York Province on August 19, 1880. Father Cunningham had many tales to tell of his days in the novitiate, but the one he liked best concerned a young fellow-postulant, who said to him as they detrained at Poughkeepsie: "We had better get a glass of beer here, since, once we enter, we will probably never see it again."

At the end of Father Cunningham's novitiate, West Park was closed and the novices there were transferred to Frederick. This was the first closing of a house he experienced in the Society; however, it was

far from the last. He was fond of boasting of his prowess in closing houses and could really build up a good case to prove his point. Thus, in the third year of his regency (1887-88), he taught the humanities at St. Peter's, Jersey City, which the Province catalogue then designated as a Collegium Inchoatum. Some thirty years later, when he was teaching the Junior class there, the first World War caused Saint Peter's to become a Collegium Defunctum. He managed somehow or other, he claimed, to miss the closing of Xavier, but he was on hand for the final sessions of Brooklyn College, being the professor of the Senior class during the last year of its existence. His year of Juniorate was enlivened by the fact that he had five different professors of Rhetoric. It seems that twice in the course of the year (1881-82) the regularly appointed professor, Father John J. Murphy, was withdrawn by the Provincial and his place each time was taken by the Socius to the Provincial, Father James A. Ward. It is characteristic of Father's buoyant sense of humor that he always maintained that this showed to what a difficult class he belonged.

In the Summer of 1882, Father Cunningham went to Woodstock for the study of Philosophy. The grasp of the wisdom of the sages he acquired there is evidenced by the fact that he taught either the Junior or Senior class for eight years at Fordham, Brooklyn and St. Peter's, as well as by the logical and thoughtful exposition of his views, which he was always prepared to give. Indeed, within the past decade, many of his younger colleagues discovered how perilous it was to tease him on his pro-Franco attitude concerning the Spanish war, when they suddenly found themselves impaled on a pointed axiom borrowed from the masters or on a sharp citation from Saint Thomas in the original.

The year 1885 marked the beginning of his regency. He was appointed to teach the equivalent of our modern third year of high school at Georgetown. Here it was that after many sessions of correcting school-

boys' Latin compositions which lasted far into the night, he read the Ratio Studiorum and learned that the Ratio recommends that only one or two points, at which the teacher is driving, be examined in each composition, and he also discovered that other principle of having the students correct each other's work. For the rest of his life he praised these principles as being the best in the Jesuit Code of a Liberal Education! The following year (1886-87), he was assigned to Saint Francis Xavier's, New York, as assistant prefect of the school. Father John J. Murphy is listed in the catalogue of that year as Rector and Prefect of Studies. Since the duties of being Pastor of a large parish took all of the Rector's time, the actual direction of the whole college, both from the scholastic and disciplinary angles devolved upon Father Cunningham. These were arduous tasks for a young man, and he often jokingly remarked afterwards that at the end of many a hard day, he felt it would be much easier to be assistant Rector than assistant prefect. The third year of his regency was spent at St. Peter's, Jersey City. There he was engaged in teaching the humanities, French and elocution. He always spoke lovingly of the four different times he was on the faculty of Saint Peter's. This first time he was particularly delighted to recall, since it seems that the Rector, Father John McQuaid, would occasionally send Father Minister around to the rooms of the Scholastics during night examen to bid them come to the Rector's room at the end of their spiritual duties. When they had all duly foregathered, the Rector would, in Grecian fashion, stir up the potion quod laetificat cor hominis and then send them off to bed happy in the thought they had been found performing that officium pietatis at the appointed time. This too was the year of the Great Blizzard, which Father Cunningham always dated as occurring on the day following his prelection of Horace's "Vides ut alta stet nive candidum!" The years 1888-1890 found him at the novitiate in Frederick, teaching the Juniors who were in the grammar

class. Men around the Province, who had the good fortune to be in those classes, still speak of the skill and care of their teacher.

After these five busy and shifting years, Father Cunningham, in 1890, returned to Woodstock to pursue his course in theology. He was, for one year, director of the choir, and for two years in charge of the chant class, positions for which he was admirably suited, since he was a skillful musician. Almost to the end, he could play the scores of Gilbert and Sullivan on the piano, and would only have to hear a few bars from an aria, to tell from what opera it came and to give the whole history of the work, including the date of composition, the number of times it was performed and the names of famous singers who had appeared in it. The years at Woodstock quickly passed and in the summer of 1893 he was ordained to the Sacred Priesthood by James Cardinal Gibbons. The following year he completed his theological course.

In the year 1894-95, Father Cunningham made his first real acquaintance with Philadelphia, when he taught fourth year high school at Saint Joseph's. He had been to Philadelphia with his father for the Centennial Exhibition in 1876, but he complained that the trip was too brief for him to see anything of the town. So, now that he arrived to stay for a while, he decided to take a daily afternoon walk to expand his knowledge of the city of Brotherly Love. He was amazed on these walks, he said, to find on almost every street corner a painted sign, proclaiming "The Matchless Cunningham—Upright, Square and Grand." This was a welcome to the Quaker City, indeed, and though he soon learned that Cunningham was a name to be conjured with among the city's piano merchants, he always jovially maintained that sign was an indication of Philadelphia's welcome to him.

The two following years he spent teaching Rhetoric at Saint Peter's. Then, in the Summer of 1897, he sailed for Europe to make his tertianship. He landed in England and had the opportunity of visiting some

of his relatives who lived in Liverpool. After a few days he was off again for Tronchiennes, Belgium, and the year of third probation. His Lenten work during this time took him to England again. Apparently, in Europe as well as America, he made friends easily, for, since the beginning of the present war, he frequently spoke feelingly of the kindly English folks he knew over forty years ago, whose towns were now being bombed relentlessly by the Luftwaffe.

On his return to America in 1898, Father Cunningham worked for one year on the Messenger. In the course of the next seven years, at Fordham, St. Peter's and Georgetown, he taught every class from third year high school to Sophomore in college. These diverse assignments aided his facile memory in storing his mind with all the finest passages in the classical authors—a store he was wont to share with his younger brethren in his later years.

As a foreign missionary, Father Cunningham labored for one year (1906-07) in Jamaica, B. W. I. This was the year of the terrible earthquake, which Father described somewhat less sensationally than others who were there at the same time. He always claimed with a twinkle in his eye, that he actually knew the famed "little Allen", who kept the gate in Father Williams' story. Father Cunningham, subsequently, spent four years (1912-16) on the home missions in Southern Maryland. He lived at Leonardtown, but his mission stations, for most of his time there, were at Bushwood and Bluestone.

The next year (1916), he returned to the classroom, teaching the Junior class at Saint Peter's. He was an experienced philosophy teacher by this time, since he had spent five years previous to his work in Saint Mary's County, in lecturing to either the Senior or Junior class at Fordham. The assignment at Saint Peter's lasted until the college closed in 1918. The following year, he was back again at Fordham, lecturing on War Aims to the S. A. T. C. This gave him a chance, which he widely exploited, of claiming in after

years, that he was a retired officer of the U. S. Army. At any rate, students in the S. A. T. C. were obliged to salute the professors, which would be enough for a man with his gay spirits to claim a commission.

He was at Brooklyn for the year 1919-20. As the college closed so did the teaching career of Father Cunningham. He had spent twenty-four of his years as a Jesuit in the classroom and had taught every class from media grammatica to Senior. That he was the type of teacher of whom the Society could be proud was evident to anyone who ever had a conversation with him. He had a remarkable knowledge of the subjects taught in our schools and he had the ability to explain them, whether he was formally discussing education, or only referring to these subjects by way of an example, which bespoke the master.

The last eleven years of his active life (1920-31), were spent as an operarius in Saint Mary's, Boston, where he had charge of the City Hospital, at Trinity in Washington, the Gesu in Philadelphia, and, finally, at Saint Michael's in Buffalo.

From 1931 to the day of his death, Saturday, December 20, 1941, he was stationed at Wernersville. Here he was a most popular confessor and one well qualified to direct our young men along the lines of true Jesuit piety. He was, it is true, unable to do active work, in the sense that teaching and preaching are active work, but, in spite of the *incommoda* of old age, he never allowed his mind to go to seed. His interest in and knowledge of the international scene were phenomenal. He followed the meteoric rise of Franco's Spain with the eyes of an historian, frequently drawing comparisons from the Napoleonic campaigns and those of our own American generals to illuminate special points in the Franco strategy. He watched the manoeuvres of the New Deal in Washington, as only one who had been born a Tammany Democrat could eye them, and delivered splendid appraisals, again historically grounded, of the accomplishments, real and supposed, of the Administration. He could not abide the radio,

he always referred to it as "the man in the box", but when he had a good book of theology, philosophy, classics, ancient and modern, or the latest version of the New Testament, he gave the most complete embodiment one could wish of the truth of Cicero's statement about letters—*senectutem oblectant.* All his faculties remained sound almost to the day of his death, locomotion alone being difficult, and so, though living a physically inactive life, he was by his devotion to the intellectual life, active and inspiring to the entire community.

His contribution to the formal recreations of the Fathers was beyond description. His nature was gay and so he could both tease and be teased, which is quite an accomplishment. His memory was stocked with songs from light operas, which were popular before the mauve decade was even named. These he would sing and teach to the other Fathers that he might have a chorus to support his vocal efforts. If the discussion turned to a serious subject, he was armed with facts and hence could offer many interesting views. He was, in fact, a perfect example of simple gaiety and gay simplicity.

His piety was that of a Jesuit. His Mass was his first thought, and he made many a sacrifice, as far as his health was concerned, to offer the Holy Sacrifice. His devotion to Our Lady's Rosary was evident to all who knew him. His love of the Society was genuine, being shown in deed rather than proclaimed in words. All in all, as scholar, as man, as Jesuit, William Francis Cunningham was a grand Jesuit gentleman. May his dear soul rest in peace.

FATHER FRANCIS A. O'MALLEY

1898-1941

"He hath accomplished a great deal in a short space of time." How well these words can be applied to Father O'Malley. Only 42 years of age and 22 in the Society, he had already at the time of his death justified the confidence placed in him by superiors, by holding in the brief nine years since his Tertianship the offices of Prefect of Studies of Xavier High School, New York City; Dean of Studies at Canisius College, Buffalo; Superior of Bellarmine Hall; and Rector of Canisius College. It was evident His Divine Master had endowed him with unusual gifts which he had expended to the full in His Master's Service.

Father O'Malley was born in Philadelphia, November 6, 1898. After attending St. Joseph's Preparatory School and College in his native city, where he distinguished himself in studies, dramatics, and public speaking, he entered the Society of Jesus at St. Andrew-on-Hudson on the 4th of September, 1918. The same qualities that he exhibited in the last year of his life—generosity, charity, self-sacrifice—he exhibited in his early noviceship days. His fun-loving nature was proverbial among his colleagues; his ability to mingle with all types of characters, his thoughtlessness of self were characteristic of him from the noviceship to his last days. If he had an apparent fault it was a certain recklessness of his own health, to the extent that it contributed largely to his early departure from this life. The dramatic ability which marked his school and college days and which provided entertainment for many of those who knew him in the Society, in the opinion of some, hastened his collapse. One of his practices in a gathering of friends, when the conversation became dull, was to pretend a fainting spell which would appear so real as to alarm those who did not know him too well. It was this "play-acting" which

enabled him to deceive so many in his last days, so that no one realized how seriously ill he was, until his final collapse and death in a few hours. His generosity was exemplified by his giving away the presents he received from time to time from his many friends for his personal use. Many gifts, which he might have kept with the permission of superiors, he turned over to others. The little comforts, which he might legitimately have had, he eschewed. There was no comfortable chair in his room, and after his death there was found only one well-worn suit of clothes in his wardrobe. The realities of poverty he sought to experience unostentatiously in his own life. Quarreling and bickering were alien to his nature and only rarely was he known to speak severely to any of those under him. His faithfulness to his religious duties was real and not for show. The morning visit found him regularly in the chapel, even though the stress of duties may have kept him up till a late hour the night before. Those, who had occasion to visit his room during night points, found him invariably with a book of meditations in his hand. Some may say that these actions are expected of every Jesuit, but he was a Jesuit who never disappointed those expectations. Every summer he gave several Retreats in time which he might legitimately have reserved for a vacation from the arduous duties of the school year.

As to Father O'Malley's achievements in material ways one has only to inspect the Horan-O'Donnell Science Hall at Canisius College. Its plan and execution are as near perfect as can be found in similar buildings, and this despite the limited funds for its construction. It is a worthy monument to a priest solely interested in furthering the salvation of souls through the peculiar works of the Society of Jesus. Father O'Malley also saw to it that all expenses for its construction were completely liquidated a few months before his death. He also paid off a substantial portion of the debts he found when he entered office, besides

instituting several minor improvements amounting to a sum of several thousands of dollars.

In the educational structure of Canisius College, Father O'Malley had likewise instituted some solid improvements. One of the many programs in which he was interested was the Alumni College which he founded and sponsored for four years. His position in the educational field was recognized by his appointment to the State Committee on the Relations of the Liberal Arts Colleges of New York State Toward Teacher Training. He was a member of the Board of Managers of the Buffalo Society of Natural Sciences.

Two weeks before his death he had journeyed to Syracuse on business, with the Rector of Canisius High School. Although quite ill at the start of his journey, he continued on to Syracuse and returned the same night, still looking unwell. He spurned all advice to consult a doctor. He continued his daily round of duties still feeling unwell, until Sunday, June 1. On this day he confessed to having eaten his first full meal in a week. Late that night, being in pain and unable to sleep, he asked Father Minister to summon the doctor. He seemed to be suffering a stomach disorder, and, after administering a sedative and being unable immediately to diagnose his ailment, the doctor departed to return in the morning. In the morning several of the members of the Community visited him and found him in a state of collapse in his chair. An ambulance took him to the hospital where a conference of physicians was unable to determine his ailment, although apparently it was an abdominal disturbance. Being in a state of shock, he was not able to undergo an operation. A blood transfusion was given him at noon, but after a slight improvement the final change came over him about 8:30 P.M. A post mortem operation revealed a perforated intestine which the doctors declared must have tortured him for many days and in a less heroic man would have revealed his serious condition weeks previously.

How truly it could be said of him "Complevit multum in brevi tempore," for it was after less than four years in the Rectorship that he went to receive the reward so well deserved for a life-time of service for Christ, His Master. His was the first death of a Rector in office in the Maryland-New York Province within the memory of the oldest of its living members. A truly remarkable life, a religious of exemplary virtue, as a companion and superior a pleasure and a joy to his equals and subjects alike. His heroic soul, fortified by the Sacraments of the Church, aided by the prayers of his companion priests at his bedside, departed this life at 10:55 P.M. on June 2, 1941, in Sisters Hospital, Buffalo, N. Y. His funeral obsequies were especially marked in that the Ordinary of the Diocese, Most Rev. John A. Muffy, requested the privilege of offering a Solemn Pontifical Requiem Mass at Saint Michael's Church. There in the presence of Monsignori, numerous priests, representatives of educational institutions, both Catholic and non-Catholic, and a large concourse of the faithful, students and alumni of Canisius College, His Excellency, assisted by the Fathers of the Society, offered the Holy Sacrifice for the repose of his soul, thus signally honoring the individual and the Society. Two days after his burial he was to have received an honorary degree from St. Bonaventure College, Olean, N.Y. The account of this event was given in an earlier edition of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS. Before his death a member of his Community had suggested to him that after the College Commencement he leave for a well-earned rest. His answer indicated his very active life for Almighty God and his neighbor: "There are several Commencement exercises at which I must speak, some of the newly-ordained have asked me to preach at their first Masses, and I have promised to give a retreat. I cannot disappoint these people." A little over forty-eight hours later the candle of his earthly life had been snuffed out by an all-wise Providence. May he rest in peace.

BROTHER MICHAEL J. GOERGEN

1888-1941

Brother Michael Goergen was born in Buffalo, N.Y. on July 5th, 1888, and it is interesting to note that, only 6 years later, the seeds of his future career in the Society were sown. His father took him along with him one day to St. Ann's Rectory. The occasion was a business transaction. During it, Brother Kiehl of happy memory, predicted to the boy's father that one day the boy would be a priest. The father was delighted, but the little lad looked up and promptly replied,- "No, Brother,—not a priest, but a brother." From then on, as soon as he had mastered the Latin responses, he became a regular altar boy. At 15 he was appointed the daily mass server in the Sister's chapel at St. Ann's, and was also a faithful assistant to Brother Scherf in the sacristy. When he became 17, both he and his sister decided to become religious. Their mother, however, gave consent only for one of them and it was decided that Michael should wait awhile.

During the interval of 3 years, from the time he resolved to enter the Society until his resolution was accomplished in fact, he learned the tailor trade at which he became quite proficient. It is true to say that he applied himself more reluctantly than resignedly to the temporary delay. But as God's call grew clearer and stronger, his mother's desires became one with His. Consent was cheerfully given at last and on Sept. 7, 1909 he entered St. Andrew-on-Hudson. His life's ambition was realized. Here he would serve God.

For thirty years, Brother Goergen was a sacristan and a tailor in Jesuit Novitiates. In every novitiate of the Maryland-New York Province that you could name, Brother fulfilled the same duties. Daily, vestments were set up and cruets were washed and the altars were decked with freshly-cut flowers. For three decades phones were answered and corridors were cleaned, hosts were baked and the immaculate sacristy

was humming with busy, zealous activity. And yet in all the external bustle, in the dreary dusting and the constant cleaning in the symmetrical arrangement of the candles and the cruets, in the making of the hosts for the Holy Sacrifice, in the multitudinous little and big things that he did every day, Brother had always one motive. All things he did were done for God, and with that sublime reverence and care which alone became the loving service of the King of Kings. And you were conscious of that when you talked with him. His work could never be monotonous to him, simply because he loved it, and he never lost that childlike love or the simple, steady heart which nourished and fostered it.

Brother was as much a part of novitiate chapels, as the finger-like candles or the glowing sanctuary lamp, or the exquisitely carved statues of Our Lady and the Sacred Heart. There seemed to be a perfect blending of man and altar. Both belonged thoroughly to God. His was the provident eye that made doubly sure that "Everything was in its place, and that there was a place for everything" to use his own phrases. If anything had to be moved, he moved it and the manner was quite original. You couldn't duplicate it. He had his own way of doing things. Like the Church's, his "rubrics" were simple and yet definite and sure. There was never any doubt in his mind on what was to be done on the Feast of the Nativity, or on Vow Day. His diary took care of all that. In his own quiet way, he lived the age-old dictum of the church: *"Nihil innovetur, nisi quod traditum est."*

He had a way of telling you stories of the pioneer days at Shadowbrook and Wernersville, that made people come back for more. And he remembered little incidents that happened back in the noviceship that he could tell over and over again without changing a word, and without tiring his audience. He kept a photograph album of all the different houses in which he had lived, and around it could be written a history of our province.

One who worked as a novice under him says, "As a novice, I always found Brother ready and patient to teach us the ways of the Sacristan. He was never afraid that we would become more proficient in his own office." For thirty years, Brother Goergen exercised that patience. His reverence for the priesthood and for those who were on their way to the priesthood was enviable. To him, they were God's gold, and he took pains to treat them as such.

His prayerfulness, both as to matter and method, flowed from his thorough intimacy with God and the things of God. He had many ways of praying and of drawing others to prayer. The October before he died, he enlisted a few brothers to say the Rosary at least three times a day, merely by suggesting to them that it was a good way of bringing peace to this sorry, war-torn world. Following from his intimacy with God and the saints was his natural and perfectly normal spiritual conversation. The lives of the saints and blesseds of the Society were recalled on their feast days. He had a way of recalling them, whenever he placed their relics before Our Lady's shrine.

In receiving visitors at the door, whether they were "Knights of the road," or expected guests of members of the community, he was always gracious. The same welcome was given to ordinary visitors as was given to Cardinals, Archbishops, and even the Papal Secretary of State, who later became the present Sovereign Pontiff, Pius XII. A favorite companion of his at the door was a canary. He would talk to it and whistle to it, with all the simplicity and love of a St. Francis of Assisi. It was a sad day of his life when some one by chance overturned the cage and the canary was killed. This last Christmas, however, an anonymous person sent him a fine, young canary to replace the unfortunate "Peter". About the neck of the new arrival was a little sign: "Call him Michael". Brother called him "Michael".

A short while later, Brother went into the infirmary

with a serious cold. His condition grew worse and the day after New Year's, he was taken to St. Joseph's hospital, Reading, with pneumonia. He was anointed there and placed in an oxygen tent. It looked as though he might be home again, for his condition started to take a turn for the better. But on his favorite feast day, the anniversary of the death of Guy de Fontgalland, God called Brother Goergen home. It was on January the 24, at 4:55 P. M., that Brother went to meet face to face the God Whom he had served so faithfully, and had loved "unto the end." May he rest in peace.

VARIA

The American Assistancy.—

SPIRITUAL OFFERING TO THE HOLY FATHER

The figures on the opposite page represent the offerings made by Jesuits of the American Assistancy and the Faithful committed to their charge, on the occasion of the Four-hundredth anniversary of the Society of Jesus.

A NEW VENTURE IN RETREATS

South Kinloch, Mo.—October 20, 1940, was a bright day in Missouri, but it was perhaps brightest in the little poverty-stricken town of South Kinloch, St. Louis County, Missouri, where Father Otto J. Moorman, S.J., was raising his hand in benediction over the newest retreat house opened by the Society of Jesus. Father Moorman was very happy on that day, as were the hundreds of people of all classes who came to join him in the celebration, for they all realized that they were present at an unique event, the opening of the first laymen's retreat house for the exclusive use of the Negro—the first in the United States, the first in the Society, and, so far as can be ascertained, the first in the world.

Father Moorman, now in his twelfth year at South Kinloch, is still the sole white inhabitant of this village of more than 10,000 souls. Holy Angels, his parish center, is the bright spot of the village, the whiteness

Flosculi spirituales Summo Pontifici offerendi a NN et Fidelibus Assistentiae Americae occasione IV[1] centenarii Societatis Jesu fundatae.

	Prov. Cal.	Chi.	Mar.-N. Eb.	Miss.	N. Aur.	N. Ang.	Oreg.	SUMMA
Miss. Cel. 1a Int.	329	572	713	1,167	368	565	296	4,010
Miss. Cel. 2a Int.	1,409	4,114	3,772	3,461	1,791	2,674	2,856	20,077
Miss Aud.	23,522	81,093	66,824	96,489	25,639	165,480	29,459	488,607
Comm. Sacram.	23,272	54,742	57,714	61,269	19,214	106,233	25,189	347,643
Coronae Rosarii	28,749	64,058	53,894	87,760	30,472	97,883	35,308	398,124
Visitat. Ad SS. Sacr.	57,249	102,028	134,459	97,570	51,773	276,337	63,745	783,161
Preces Iacul.	132,289	27,086,927	1,135,986	2,958,573	351,024	769,727	551,666	32,986,292
Mortif.	50,031	110,131	161,449	64,030	49,713	244,659	56,120	736,133
Actus Aliarum Virtutum	43,953	138,525	107,610	269,384	79,306	282,527	327,161	1,248,466

of the church, the school and the retreat house standing out in sharp relief against the unpainted and frequently unkempt shanties of the neighborhood.

The retreat house is placed to the right of the church and rectory and is separated from them by a log stockade which ensures seclusion and at the same time lends a distinctive and attractive touch to the whole. A private parking lot and driveway renders the seclusion complete.

Entering the gate at the rear of the rectory we step from the gravel surface of the schoolyard onto the newly laid Norman path which winds over the soft green lawn, the only one in South Kinloch. Immediately to the left of the entrance is a shrine of St. Joseph, set off by green shrubs. The house, designed to accommodate sixteen retreatants, is a frame building shaped like the letter L, one arm being sixty feet long, the other forty-eight feet, and both twenty-four feet wide. It is two stories high, with a porch and roof deck at the juncture of the two arms. The whole structure with white shingles, green rubberoid shingled roof, green striped awnings, and tall brick chimney has the finished appearance of a comfortable country home.

The interior has been fittd out with an eye to domestic efficiency as well as to charm and good taste. The ground floor is completely taken up with the retreatmaster's suite and the common rooms: a spacious drawing-room lounge, the dining-room, and a perfectly equipped kitchen, together with the servants' quarters. The floor above contains the private rooms for the retreatants, fully furnished and with running hot and cold water to boot.

But the distinctive feature of the new Manresa is the chapel, a separate building which stands over against the north end of the retreat house. Built half below the ground level and heavily covered with earth and shrubs and flowers, it achieves, both inside and outside, the effect of a cave in the hillside. In fact, were the altar and prie-dieux removed, one might well think himself in the original cave at Monserrat. How much

the rocky walls of this little room will help make St. Ignatius and his Exercises come to life in the minds and hearts of the retreatants!

It is impossible to describe it all more fully here, its gardens, its grottos and shrines and statues, the furnishings of house and chapel, at once convenient and tasteful. Suffice it to say: the retreat house has been built. Father Moorman began the first retreat on November 28, 1940 with a group of colored professional men. It is a dream come true. And in all but a few trifling details it is the gift of one man, a white man of no great wealth whose name must be kept secret. Thus far it has cost approximately $27,000, but as yet no endowment has been established for the future. Because of the poverty of most of the men who will profit by South Kinloch's Manresa, its director will be grateful if each of them can contribute but $5 for his three days' stay, although of course no stipend will be required. Obviously, however, such small donations will not support the house. Endowments of $500 for each of the private rooms and $1,000 for each of the common rooms would secure the future of this great enterprise, a work so thoroughly Jesuit, yet one which is here attempted for the first time in a long history.

PARISH DIAMOND JUBILEE

Florissant, Mo.—The parish of the Sacred Heart, Florissant, in charge of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, has recently celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary as a parish. The parish numbers about 250 families and has a remarkable record, through the years of its existence, for the numbers of religious vocations it has given to the Church. Of the 20 Priests and Brothers and 79 Sisters who have come from the Sacred Heart parish, 64 are living at present and all of them were present for the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee.

Of the 54 nuns, former members of the parish, who attended the ceremonies, 47 are members of the Congregation of the Most Precious Blood whose mother-house is in O'Fallon, Miss. Five are Franciscan Sisters, Daughters of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, and two are Sisters of St. Mary of the Third Order of St. Francis.

Of the six priests who returned to their native parish for the occasion, five are Jesuits. The other was Fr. Alphonse M. Hoormann, S.V.D. Four Brothers, of whom two are Jesuits, one a Marist and one a member of the Society of the Divine Word, completed the list of Religious who participated, as former members of the parish, in the Diamond Jubilee.

MEMORIAL TO FATHER VIROT

Youngstown, N.Y.—The following excerpts from the *Niagara Falls Gazette* for October 27, 1941, should be of interest to students of Jesuit Americana. The Daughters of American Colonists were most enthusiastically seconded by the Bishop of Buffalo in their efforts to pay tribute to Father Virot, S.J., chaplain in pre-revolutionary America.

> With impressive ceremonies, an inscribed boulder was unveiled by the Buffalo chapter, Daughters of American Colonists, Saturday afternoon on the battlefield of LaBelle Famille, River road, Youngstown, in commemoration of the French Jesuit priest, Father Claude Joseph Virot, who was killed there in a battle between the French and English on July 24, 1759.
>
> Prior to the unveiling, an appropriate program was held in the Historical Institute at Old Fort Niagara.
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> The invocation was given by the Rev. W. Edmund Nixon, rector of St. John's Episcopal church, Youngstown, which was followed by the pledge of allegiance to the flag.
>
> An historical address was delivered by Robert W. Bingham, director of the Buffalo Historical society. He gave a resume of events leading up to the battle of LaBelle Famille. He told of the landing at Four Mile creek of Sir William

Johnson and General Prideaux with English troops for an attack on the French at Fort Niagara.

Captain Francis Pouchot, the commander of Fort Niagara, becoming alarmed, sent runners to the French forts in the west for assistance. Mr. Bingham told of the trip of the French relief troops with western Indians down Lake Erie to the head of Grand Island and the next morning down the Niagara river to Fort Little Niagara just above the Falls.

The English, said Mr. Bingham, had been apprised of the approach of the French and Indians down the eastern shore of the river and at LaBelle Famille a short but bloody battle took place with the result that the French were thrown back in a complete rout.

Father Virot was with the French troops and was killed it is said by the Iroquois Indians. The next day Fort Niagara fell to the English and, soon afterwards, the French forts in the west. It was later that year that Quebec surrendered and French rule in America ended forever. Though little known, the battle of LaBelle Famille was one of the decisive battles in American history.

"The Jesuits in America" was the title of an address by the Rev. William J. Schlaerth, S.J., dean of the Graduate school and professor of History at Canisius college, Buffalo. He said that Father Virot was born in Toulouse, France, on February 15, 1722, and became a member of the Society of Jesus when but 16 years old.

Father Virot, he said, came to Canada in 1750 and for seven years remained in the seminary at Quebec. He then went out in the Ohio region for missionary work.

Upon the conclusion of Father Schlaerth's address, the assemblage repaired to the boulder which had been placed on or near the boundary line of the estates of Miss Sara Sabrina Swain and William W. Kinkaid. It was dug up out of the bed of Bloody Run creek nearby, which was so named from the fact that on the day of the battle of LaBelle Famille its waters ran red with the blood of French and English soldiers.

Mrs. James R. Spraker unveiled the monument and Mrs. Nicholas made the presentation.

After giving a brief resume of the life of Father Virot, Miss Swain read the inscription on the boulder as follows: "On the battlefield of LaBelle Famille, Father Claude Joseph Virot, chaplain of the French forces, was killed by the Iroquois July 24, 1759."

The program closed with the Benediction given by the Rev. John F. Naughton, of Niagara university.

SANTA CLARA FILMS

At the University of Santa Clara, where the laboratories of Father Hubbard Educational Films have been established, it was announced that there are now available to schools and kindred organizations a million feet of valuable Alaskan material, films taken by Father Hubbard in his Alaskan explorations, and it is proposed to make up as many short subjects as possible. These will be available in 16 mm. sound films.

In addition to the Alaskan material, travel subjects from all parts of the world are on hand and others are constantly being added, it was stated. There are also a number of films dealing with special subjects for specified school use.

The films will be distributed from the University of Santa Clara and from branches in the East and Middle West. The films are edited at the laboratories and are viewed by prominent educators, who are asked to offer suggestions for improvement, before they are released. A rental arrangement for both films and projection machines can be made with the laboratories, it was stated.

MORE JESUIT MARTYRS OF UNITED STATES PROPOSED FOR BEATIFICATION

On the list of 111 American martyrs, compiled by Bishop John Mark Gannon of Erie, Pa., and proposed by his Eminence Cardinal Dennis Dougherty, Archbishop of Philadelphia, Pa., to the Sacred Congregation of Rites in a joint cause for beatification and canonization, are the names of fifteen more Jesuits who were slain on American soil for the Christian Faith. Their names follow together with the dates and places of their deaths:

Father *Pedro Martínez*, protomartyr of the Society

of Jesus in the U. S.; Oct. 6, 1566; Mount Cornelius, Fla.

Father *Luis de Quirós* and novice companions *Gabriel de Solís* and *Baptista Méndez;* Feb. 5, 1571; near St. Mary's Mission, Va.

Father *Juan Baptista de Segura* and companions: *Cristóbal Redondo,* a novice, and Brothers *Pedro Linares, Gabriel Gómez,* and *Sancho Zeballos;* Feb. 9, 1571; near St. Mary's Mission, Va.

Father *Jacques Gravier;* April 23, 1708; Dauphine Island in the Gulf of Mexico, near Mobile, Ala.

Father *Sébastien Rale;* Aug. 23, 1724; Madison, Me.

Father *Paul du Poisson;* Nov. 28, 1729; Natchez, Miss.

Father *Jean Souel;* Dec. 18. 1729; near Vicksburg, Miss.

Father *Antoine Sénat;* March 25, 1736; Pontotoc (near Futon), Miss.

Father *Réné Ménard;* about Aug. 15, 1661; northeastern Wisconsin.

From Other Countries.—

CHINA—A MOHAMMEDAN CONVERSION

Suchow—*Upon an invitation from Fr. Müller, S.J., of the Süchow Mission, Mr. Sa Pei-hoa has given an account of his conversion, a synopsis of which follows.*

From my childhood I was educated by my parents in the Mussulman religion and was always faithful to the precepts of my faith. In my little village there are a hundred Mussulman families who for the most part follow the trade of leather merchants. They have studied but little and have not been initiated into the higher doctrines of Islam; nevertheless they love their religion sincerely and so constitute a group quite

distinct from the other Chinese with whom they are often in dispute. Although their numbers are small, they are united and strong, and frequently, when a Mussulman is ill-treated, all with common accord defend him, thus jeopardizing their lives and fortunes. Accordingly, it is understandable why the others do not dare to molest them.

Once I had reached man's estate I took note of the lack of culture among my coreligionists. Their religious life itself was in a state of degeneration. Hence I proposed to remedy this situation. In 1930 with a group of friends I sollicited funds for the construction of a mosque where the Mohammedans would be enabled to pray and to listen to instructions.

In 1931, Mr. Ma Tse-tseng founded a society of Chinese Mohammedans at Nankin. His idea was supported by all of us in China, particularly by the youth. In my village also a branch of this association was set up, and I was elected its first president. From that time forth my duties increased; I had, for example, to busy myself with the decoration and appointment of the mosque, with the collection of money for propaganda and with the formation of a special society, called "Zu-lizé", for the purpose of more thorough religious formation. We also set aside funds for the relief of the poor people of our faith and for the purchase of useful books, reviews and newspapers. In a few years Islam among us made very notable progress. Since we did not have much money at our disposal and since capable co-workers were few, I did not stint my sacrifices and efforts, but I was not aware at the time that all these labors were useless for my soul.

Although I was a Mohammedan, I took a good deal of interest in Buddhism, since my character naturally inclined me toward the renunciation of worldly things. Furthermore, Mohammedanism did not satisfy my aspirations; I was enamored of that doctrine which is

less concerned with the things of the world and prefers the peace of solitude.

In 1938 the war hit my village, and with my family I took refuge in the Catholic church. For the first time I had the opportunity of close contact with Catholicism; I made acquaintance with the universal charity of the Catholic Church which surpasses that of all other religions. Not only the men, but even the women and children knew their religion well and took pleasure in discussing it with those about them, and that in a most convincing manner. How could a religion attain such results unless it was inspired by the true God? The Christians kept well the laws that were imposed upon them. Every morning at the sound of the bell they would gather in the church and pray in common; this was a sight that moved me deeply.

One day I had to make a trip to the neighboring village. Since the Chinese were making ready to defend themselves against the Japanese aircraft which were approaching, I took fright and turned back. But it was already too late; the planes were flying over us. I leaped into a ditch, and there, sheltered by a tree, I did not even dare to raise my eyes. The noise from the bombs was horrible; it might well have been a frightful tempest accompanied by an earthquake. Seeing myself in the immediate danger of death, I cried out, without too much thought for the significance of my words: "God of the Christians, save me!" After this confident appeal, like the Apostles after Pentecost, I felt relieved of care and fear. After about forty minutes the airplanes had disappeared. Glancing about I counted fourteen bomb craters; the farthest from me was at a distance of about ten metres; the nearest was hardly three metres away. The victims lying on the ground were unrecognizable; a mass of blood and flesh mingled with dust. It was a horrible sight! As for myself, I was half buried beneath the sand and stones.

This adventure seemed to me to have been permitted by God to arouse me to penance for my sins and to hasten the hour of my conversion.

Once back at my village church I began seriously to study Catholic doctrine.

(After summarizing our main dogmas, the convert continues:) I finally resolved to become a Christian, while considering the words: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?"

Since I was firm in my resolution I besought my Curate for Baptism; although he will willing, he bade me wait for some time. At first I did not understand why so good a priest should want to put off the hour of my Baptism; but after a little reflexion I saw that it was because of his great love for me. As a matter of fact, to change one's religion is a serious matter and lack of sufficient instruction can make for unhappy consequences in the future.

In January, 1939 I solemnly received Holy Baptism. Here I am, then, a Christian, and every day brings home to me more and more the beauty and grandeur of Catholicism.

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

The following is an extract from a letter from a devout Catholic Czech lady now living in the United States. She has sons who are well acquainted with our fathers in Bohemia.

> I wonder whether you have any news from the Czech and Slovakian province of the Society of Jesus. My last news—from Rev. P. Hugo Vanicek, S.J., who as you probably know is chaplain in our army in England—was very sad. Fathers Spatny and Krus have died; Father Kolacek, an excellent priest, called in Moravia the Moravian Don Bosco, and Father Nemec are imprisoned; Father Restel is very seriously, it seems hopelessly, ill. Velehrad is half-closed or taken by Germans and all the schools, even

Bubenec, are closed. I think that probably you know all this, maybe more, and perhaps through Irish Jesuits.

I think very often of our Jesuit Fathers in Bohemia and Moravia; through all their sufferings they are now winning back the sympathies of the broad masses of the Czech people, so frequently prejudiced against the Jesuits. You know of the many lies heaped on the name of the Jesuits by some historians and by our press; but now they are so united with the people, belonging to the people: how much it must help dispel all those prejudices! And Father Vanicek who is among our soldiers knows the true conditions in our army; our official personnel in England can appreciate his task and its difficulties. Slowly and patiently he is winning the confidence of the soldiers, and through his personal influence and the courage which he displayed in the battles in France he is becoming a very popular person in the army. A Jesuit as a chaplain, and an admired chaplain, in the Czech army: isn't it something we could never have imagined some fifteen years ago?

And so I begin to see our Jesuit Fathers as future history will see them—however the future may differ from and disappoint our hopes—side by side with Jesuit missionaries of the past, with old Father Chanovsky who recatholicised my birthtown, and so many others to whom the nation never expressed her gratitude, but who saved her. Is there any nation in the world, perhaps besides Poland, which owes so much to the Society of Jesus as do Bohemia and Moravia? Don't you think that Saint Ignatius is a very great friend of our country? May he intercede for us in heaven and bless all the efforts of our Jesuit Fathers in Bohemia and Moravia.

ECUADOR

Cotocollao—Reverend Father Rector, Aurelio Espinosa-Polit, having completed his labours as a member of the Commission for the Revision of High School (Segunda Enseñanza) Education in Ecuador, and being invited by the Government of the United States and assigned by the Ministery of Education of Ecuador, left for North America to give a series of lectures on literature in the universities of that country. He left Cotocollao on the 4th of December last and after a

profitable sojourn returned on the 11th of March.

Father Espinosa visited the Pan-American Union, the Library of Congress, the Convention of the American Philological Association and Georgetown Preparatory School. Thence he went to Woodstock, Wernersville and Poughkeepsie, Princeton University, Boston College, Weston, the Philips Academy at Andover, Harvard University, Shadowbrook, Brown University, Fordham Graduate School, Loyola University in Chicago, Northwestern, the University of Chicago, St. Louis University, Florissant, Milford, and other places of interest. We have chosen for the readers of WOODSTOCK LETTERS a few excerpts from the interesting notes he made upon his return to his native land and published in the *Noticias* of the Province of Ecuador.

After arriving in New York on December 16, Father Espinosa takes up his story.

"Dr. Charles A. Thompson, head of the Cultural Relations Division of the State Department, awaited me at the Docks on behalf of the Government of the United States. The Society was represented by my dear friend, Fr. Vachel Brown, an old Cambridge companion. Father Gannon, President of Fordham University, had sent along his car for me and after a trip lasting almost an hour we arrived at the University.

"On the following morning, December 17, I left for Washington; it is about five hours' journey by express. Here I was met at the station by Dr. Richard Pattee, Assistant Chief of the Cultural Relations Division of the State Department, a very accommodating person with whom I immediately made all my arrangements. He is an excellent Catholic, has made two trips to Ecuador and is extremely interested in our affairs, particularly in regard to García Moreno whose life he has just written for publication in Quito by Dr. Hobar Donoso. He speaks perfect Castilian. He took me over to Georgetown University, which is at another end of Washington. Here I met Father Assistant who, during the war, is acting for Father General.

"On the 29th of December, in the evening, I left for Woodstock, the famous theologate of the New York Province, the oldest in North America and at present the largest community in the Society; there are 306 in the community and at times the number has soared as high as 321. In spite of the absence of many as a result of the Christmas Holidays, I must confess that I was profundly impressed on the following morning at the Community Mass; I had never seen so many Jesuits assembled in one place. In the cemetery I ran across an old inscription which pleased me so much that I have taken it down for reproduction, if possible, in our own new cemetery at Cotocollao: SOCIETAS JESU GENUIT EORUM CAROS CINERES CAELO REDDENDOS SOLLICITE HEIC FOVET.

"During the afternoon of the 30th I returned to Washington. On the way we stopped off at Georgetown University Preparatory School. The School possesses a chapel which is a work of pure beauty. It is the gift of an anonymous benefactress; the attempt has been made to set up in miniature one of the ancient Roman basilicas. Certainly only in Rome could a similar wonder of bronze and marble be seen.

"On the 3rd of January, in the evening, I set out for Wernersville. This is the Novitiate and Juniorate of the Maryland vice-Province. It is near a small hidden village of Pennsylvania. I was met at the station by a brother with the house car. I arrived in time for Litanies, which are recited here at 9 o'clock in the evening. On the following morning I was able to explore the house. It is a palace; they themselves find it too sumptuous, but it was impossible to restrain the two benefactors, Mr. and Mrs. Brady. Mrs. Brady donated the chapel, which is a gem indeed; it contains a number of embellishments the like of which I do not recall having seen elsewhere. Mr. Brady presented the house. I was told the story of how one day Mr. Brady had asked an aged father whom he esteemed very highly how it was that his friend suffered a nervous trouble which never seemed to leave him. The father

answered, 'I made my noviceship in a place where we had no yard or open place in which to take the air; as a result I have been this way all my life.' 'Well,' Mr. Brady had answered him, 'I'm going to give you a novitiate with all the fresh air anyone may care to breathe.' And there is Wernersville.

"There are sixty-nine novices and almost again as many juniors. Despite their fine surroundings they are quite poor and the novices do much of the hard labour. I spoke at length with the master of novices, and with the prefect of studies, or dean, as they call him in those parts; I attended a Greek class where a prelection of the *Crown* was being made. On the night of the First Friday I also attended a Circle on the Sacred Heart during which one of the juniors presented a little paper on one of the invocations in the Litany of the Sacred Heart and another gave one on the monthly intention. At the end Father Rector requested me to speak to them. Father Master likewise asked me to give a conference to the novices. I spoke for about an hour about Ecuador and the Society's work in the vice-Province. It was at this Juniorate that I spent the longest period of time and so was enabled to make a very thorough visit. Since they have so few brothers most of the work for example, that done in the kitchen, is performed by means of machines.

"I spent March 7th at Fordham in New York and took advantage of the occasion to pay a visit at the offices of the Messenger of the Sacred Heart. It is a tremendous organization, for the circulation, if I remember rightly, is upwards of 300,000. I was able to witness the entire progress of an issue from the first impression in 16-page sheets to the completed magazine of more than 100 pages with its cover in three colors. Everything is done by machinery—folding, cutting, sewing, and pasting; hence few operators are required.

"Poughkeepsie is the Novitiate and Juniorate of the Province of New York. It is an old house put up

forty years ago and is among the more conservative houses of the United States for its preservation of old traditions. I arrived at the station in the evening where I was met by a father who himself drove me to the Novitiate, about a quarter of an hour's distance away. When we arrived at the house I told him that the first thing I wanted to do was to pay my respects to the rector; whereupon he answered me with a smile, 'I am here at your service'. At Poughkeepsie I made the acquaintance of a priest, highly esteemed for his sanctity; and truly, seldom have I seen a man in whom the supernatural is so clearly evident.

"The prefect of studies, also made an excellent impression upon me. I attended one of his classes on Virgil. It was an excellent presentation and must have lasted half an hour, after which he requested me to favour them with a prelection. Here, as in Wernersville, I gave a conference to the novices, one to the juniors and another to the coadjutors. The house impressed me with its spirit of observance, silence and recollection perhaps more than any other in the United States. On the 15th, during the afternoon, I attended the funeral of one of the fathers from the House of Writers in New York; the fathers who die in New York are brought to Poughkeepsie for burial."

Father Espinosa's activities in the United States were too numerous for all to be recorded here. He visited 20 cities, 12 libraries, 12 universities, 6 university colleges, 5 high schools, 8 houses of study of the Society and 12 museums. He gave 25 conferences, 18 of which had to do with American and Ecuatorian subjects while in 7 of them he considered the classics. Upon his return to Ecuador, in addition to a conference to the community on his impressions, he gave two conferences in Quito. One took place in the auditorium of the Colegio San Gabriel and had to do with "General Impressions on Catholic Life in the United States"; this lecture was given at the request of the *Congregación de los Caballeros de la Immaculada.* Their Excellencies, the Apostolic Nuncio and the Minister of

Education as well as other notables were present. A second conference took place in the great hall of the **Universidad Central** at the request of the Rector. The two conferences were highly praised by the Ecuatorian Press: *Debate,* March 19 and 31, *Comercio,* for the 20th and 31st of March.

"To the good prayers offered for me," concludes Father Espinosa, "I attribute the numerous blessings I have received from God these three months, in both the material and intellectual orders. Over and above the considerable consolation of seeing so many houses of the Society and of assuring myself that, despite the sometimes very marked differences in customs, the true spirit of the Society is living in them all, I have had the happiness to meet at least two men of outstanding sanctity; and one never meets such people without some great spiritual benefit."

GERMANY

The following excerpt from a much-delayed letter describes the situation of German Jesuits interned at Poona, India:

> Ours who are interned are faring well. In a few places of stress, relief was soon forthcoming. The missionaries may receive visitors and write letters three times a week. Fr. zu Löwenstein is *Superior Carceris.* The theologians sit at the feet of their professors, Fathers zu Löwenstein, Neuner and Zinzer. Fr. Benz serves the sick in the hospital. Fr. Daschner helps in the scullery. Frs. Benoit, Schütz, and Sturm work for themselves or are looking for work in the community. The two Brothers are at the same time Sacristans, gardeners and refectorians. In their quarters all follow a daily order based on religious tradition and their own personal interests. The perfectly natural sharing in the work, the simple manner of life and the religious tone of their lives has already broken down many prejudices against the "Blackrobes" on the part of their fellow-prisoners. His Grace the Archbishop of Bombay has done his utmost to help.

JAPAN—THE SHINTOISTS

Among the countries of the Orient none is more picturesque than the Empire of Japan. Its landscapes offer endless marvels for the traveler, and, if he is a missionary he finds great hope in the consideration of the natural gifts possessed by the race that inhabits these mountainous isles.

In 1549 Xavier was combing the Indian jungles in search of souls when one day some Portuguese merchants brought a strange man before him; he was small in stature and slight of body and lively eyes animated his face. As soon as the Saint asked the stranger his customary question: "Do you know Jesus Christ?" he was convinced that he had before him a man of reason who would demand an explanation for everything that was told him. St. Francis expected therefore to find in Japan a wonderful land peopled with such men of reason, capable of understanding the truth and embracing it sincerely.

Accordingly St. Francis Xavier set out, expecting at the expense of great labour to establish in Japan a Christian center that in the course of the years would compare favorably with the early Christian communities. The number of Japanese Catholics some became quite considerable, but God in His Providence allowed the systematic and singularly cruel persecution of tyrants to put an end to that flourishing church. It was only in the last century, when Japan opened its gates to western civilization, that its evangelization began anew. Unfortunately the Japanese did not see fit to import the Christian religion, the most precious gift that European civilization had to offer, in the same degree as they accepted industrial techniques, educational reforms and other changes for the better. They did adopt Sunday as a general day of rest and accepted the Gregorian Calendar.

Although there are more than a hundred million Japanese, there are at present but a little over a

hundred thousand Catholics among them; on the average, two or three thousand converts are made annually. One may well ask why there have been so few conversions. The real root of the difficulty seems to lie in an exaggerated nationalism, enjoying the rank of a religion since time immemorial. This religion is called "Shinto" in Chinese and "Kamino-michi" in the Japanese vernacular; we may translate it by means of the phrase: "Highway of the Gods". It embraces the worship of nature, heroes and ancestors; the person of the emperor enjoys a very special cult.

The ancient Japanese believed in an almost infinite number of lesser divinities something like the Greco-Roman fauns and dryads who were thought to rule the rivers, forests and mountains. These divine beings are vague forces so ethereal in their personality that they can not even be depicted by means of concrete images. Hence devotees can actually possess for veneration only the "shintai" or the "body of the god"; i.e., his swords, mirrors and other trinkets. Not only the sun, the moon and the mountains were deemed sacred, but also animals like the dog and the fox. Even today the anniversary of a horse killed in battle is celebrated in Shinto temples.

Perhaps the main part of Shinto is taken up with hero-worship. We have a missionary's account of a ceremony in honor of ancestors which he attended one New Year's Day:

"The ceremony is about to begin. We who are assisting are squatting along the right side of the 'haiden' or first court of the Shinto temple. Before us, alone, is the master of the ceremonies; after saluting the assembly with a profound bow, he marches up to a drum, which is as large as a cask and is placed upon the same 'tatami' which we are occupying. A long series of blows in a most ingenious rhythm is struck upon the instrument. The sound is now crisp and sonorous like the crackling of lightning, now martial and measured, now muffled and rapid like the echoing

rumble of a distant storm, now like the caress of a soft wind.

"Then with a dignified tread he walks to the center of the hall, prostrates himself, claps his hands twice, and, with another profound bow, ascends the 'shinden', where the offerings have previously been laid. There he prays the 'norito', a long conversation with the ancestors, to whom he speaks as if they were actually present. He begins in a soft, low, grave and majestic tone of voice and gradually raises it as the prayer progresses. In his prayer he tells them how the people have come and have brought the offerings which they now present as sincere tokens of their filial reverence. He begs the ancestors to accept the gifts and to bless those present with pure hearts and many other favors."

If indeed the Japanese adore everything that is national, their veneration for the emperor knows no limits, many actually worship him as a god. When the streetcar passes before the royal palace the passengers are apprized of the fact; everyone takes off his hat and many bow deeply. Although Shinto is the main difficulty in the conversion of the Japanese, some alleviation is seen in the fact that the Government has recently declared that feasts and ceremonies in honor of ancestors do not constitute a religious cult, but are to be considered as of a purely patriotic character.

SPAIN

Seville—The Apostleship of Prayer of Seville has appointed a special commission to direct the erection of the great monument to the Sacred Heart at the mouth of the Guadalquivir River in Spain, where the sea voyage from Spain to America starts. The architect has carried out the plans outlined by Father Muñoz, of the Society of Jesus. The monument will rise to a height of 230 feet; the statue of Our Lord alone will be

seventy feet high. A large rock, inside of which a chapel will be made, serves as the base of the monument. A beacon light on the monument will be visible for sixty miles at sea.

The Society of Jesus, after the sorrowful days of exile and war, has begun throughout Spain an era of rebirth. The Spanish Jesuits, recalled to their native land and reinstated in their houses, have with renewed vigor taken up again their works and are actively cooperating in the moral reconstruction of the country. The numerous vocations and the growing body of students in our colleges predict a bright and consoling future. We will give briefly the number of the students and the vocations in the five Spanish provinces of the Society.

In 23 colleges 10,551 students are studying. The novitiates are housing at present 259 young men and the Apostolic School has 340 boys. The provinces with the greatest number of youths are those of Castile (with 73 novices and 135 in the Apostolic School) and that of León (with 74 novices and 140 in the Apostolic School).

Books of Interest to Ours

Unto the End. *By William J. McGarry, S.J.*—The American Press—1941.

"Love unto the end" is like a chapter heading prefixed by St. John to his record of Our Lord's words and actions in the Supper Room. All that Christ said and did on that memorable night, the faithful memory of the Beloved Disciple treasured as a legacy of love. Jesus had always loved the little band of Apostles, John tells us, but now, as the moment of separation approaches, He is impelled to give us a deeper, more tender manifestation of love than ever before. The phrase "unto the end" says more than love's constancy; it tells of love's prodigality.

This "love unto the end" is the theme of Fr. McGarry's devotional commentary on the last discourse and High-priestly prayer of Our Lord. Devotional books not infrequently play havoc with the literal sense of Holy Scripture. The most extravagant accommodations of the words are in pride of place, while the genuine sense of the inspired author is neglected. But in this present work we have a fine blending of scholarship and piety, and all the pious applications are controlled by the requirements of the literal sense.

Though the words of Our Lord were directed explicitly only to the twelve men who reclined with Him at table, there is "an accent" in His words which our ears are meant to catch. By far the greater part of the book is devoted to the unfolding of this message. To an adequate, though untechnical exposition of each verse, are added detailed practical applications, which often manifest a shrewd insight into human nature, its weaknesses and its better side. The method is undisguisedly Ignatian. We are invited to take our place at table with Christ, to listen and "derive some fruit." As was to be expected in an exposition of the most intimate words of Our Lord recorded in the gospels, the Heart of Christ is revealed to us in all its irresistible beauty and attractiveness. St. Paul in wondering humility confesses that to him was given the task of making known "the unsearchable riches of the Christ."

Father McGarry, to our loss and sorrow, has been called to his heavenly reward since the appearance of this book. We feel that St. Paul has already welcomed him as one whose spirit was kindred to his own, while Our Lord must surely have said: "Well hast thou written of me."

We recommend the book unreservedly. It will be found especially helpful for retreat readings, for the preparation of sermons or the Holy Hour and for private meditation.

EDWIN SANDERS, S.J.

The Jesuits in History: The Society of Jesus Through Four Centuries. *By Martin P. Harney, S.J.* New York: The America Press, 1941. Pp. xvi, 513.

While there is hardly need to summarize the history of the Society for the readers of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS, perhaps it would be well to point out the arrangement which that history receives in Father Martin P. Harney's new book, *The Jesuits in History*. The book grows from the historical background to a treatment of the early companions of St. Ignatius and their training through the Spiritual Exercises, which are analysed; then to the vast achievements of the early fathers and a broad view of the Constitutions; then the general progress of the early Society; the Jesuits' part in the Counter-Reformation, education and foreign missions; then the progress of the Society until the catastrophe of the suppression; the restoration, the Society in Europe and in the missions; and finally "modern schools and modern scholars."

The book is at once a testimony to the concentrated effort of the author as well as his easy familiarity with his sources. The careful list of books and prudent footnotes are presented well within proper proportions to substantiate the text and yet not baffle the average reader.

Some chapters of the book are excellently well done as the one on the early companions of St. Ignatius. The clear presentation of each character within the short sketch of his life given by the author, the careful connection and proper balance between fact and narration make this chapter the best account of its scope which we have seen. Other chapters merit high praise as those on the Spiritiual Exercises and the suppression. The explanation and defense of the Spiritual Exercises is historically well done; not descending—or ascending—to the devotional nor yet becoming so factual that the Exercises lose all point and purpose.

Perhaps in a later edition, which we are sure the work will have a few points could be remedied. Thus in the chapters on the intellectual life and missions of the Society, the long list of names which too often give the appearance of a catalogue, concealing the great work behind them, could be somewhat

curtailed or abridged. Perhaps a selection with more space devoted to each man would be more appropriate and help reading. The few typographical errors and poor printing will unquestionably be cleared up.

The Jesuits in History is not a history written for historians. But that it is eminently successful in appealing to the "average reader" to whom it is addressed is gratifyingly clear from the fact that its popularity already demands a second impression.

JOSEPH R. FRESE, S.J.

An Introductory Manual in Psychology. *By Joseph J. Ayd, S.J.*, Fordham University Press, 1941.

An adequate judgment of any book must always be based primarily on the intention of the author in preparing the volume. Father Ayd clearly states his purpose in his foreword: "Some years ago the author of this book began his lectures on normal and abnormal psychology at the Mount Hope Retreat School of Psychiatric Nursing, in Baltimore. Under the need for a small summary of modern Scholastic psychology to be used as a foundation for his lectures and to be offered to his students as a vademecum, he searched the textbook lists in vain for such a book. Thus, under a practical necessity, the present manual came to be written."

To his task, Father Ayd has brought years of teaching experience, and a wealth of knowledge of the literature and practice of psychology. The result is a clear, workable textbook. The book is everywhere marked by a clarity of definition and consequently of concept, which is a sheer delight to anyone who has delved into works of modern psychologists. The glossary and index which Father Ayd appends to his volume is a model of detail and accuracy.

The variety of subjects treated by the author is wide. In addition to the traditional points of Scholastic psychology, the highlights of abnormal psychology and psychiatry are outlined. But it must be remembered that the text is an introductory manual. One will not look, therefore, for a complete discussion of abstruse metaphysical difficulties, or for a presentation of divergencies between Thomism and Suarezianism and Scotism. Such subjects are outside the scope of Father Ayd's purpose and hence rightly omitted. If however anyone has looked in vain for an introductory manual in psychology, adapted to schools of nursing, to students of medicine or of the social sciences, he will find a solution of his problem in this book.

R. O. DATES, S.J.

The Oration of Demosthenes on the Crown. A Rhetorical Commentary. *By Francis P. Donnelly, S.J.* New York. Fordham University Press. 1941.

In these days when the study of the ancient classics is being impugned from every quarter, it might seem the height of folly or, at best, a love's labor lost to publish another commentary on the *De Corona* of Demosthenes. Yet to one familiar with the speech, there can be no question of its perennial value as a masterpiece of oratory and as a record rich with details of the magnificent, albeit futile, efforts made by a patriotic Athenian to help prevent his once-famed Athens from losing the political independence upon which her former greatness was founded.

Father Donnelly's purpose in writing this new commentary is to provide students of the art of rhetoric with a detailed explanation of the rhetorical devices which the great Athenian orator used with such success in his last and greatest political speech. Whether or not one agrees with the emphasis which the author lays upon the sheer rhetoric of the speech, he must in all fairness admit the completeness and the accuracy with which the comments are elaborated, cannot but help a young student to understand the subtle art of wielding words, moulding phrases, and marshalling facts and ideas, in a way that will sway the minds and wills of an audience. The danger of superficial formalism and clever word-mongering is not inevitably connected with a study of this nature (as is frequently charged against it), when there is at hand an able and balanced teacher to direct the minds of the students.

In accordance with the spirit of the *Ratio Studiorum* which lays special stress upon the need for student activity, Father Donnelly offers numerous suggestions for comparison or contrast between the style of Demosthenes and later orators of note, both Latin and English, as well as hints for original compositions in imitation of different sections of the *De Corona.* Added to the commentary is an excellent tabular analysis of the whole speech in which the student can see at a glance the development of the thought of Demosthenes. A close study of this table will introduce the young student to the taxing but profitable art of analysis and synthesis. There is a valuable index of rhetorical terms with references to the section of the speech in which they are used.

The text of the speech, facing-page translation and notes are by Francis P. Simpson, B.A., Balliol College, Oxford, published in 1882. Due to the absence from this edition of the introductions which accompanied the original publication of Simpson, some of the references in the notes appended to the text lose their significance.

FRANCIS J. FALLON, S.J.